

WHITE HOUSE DAYS

DRAWER 2 MRS. A. LINCOLN - FIRST LADY

71.2009 025 04131

Mary Todd Lincoln

White House Days

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

A distinguished foreigner, dining at the White House, wished to congratulate President Lincoln on the self-possession of the hostess, and her apparent indifference to the peculiar vexations of her new position. Having an imperfect knowledge of our language, he expressed his idea by saying, "Your excellency's lady makes it very indifferent!" Observing the twinkle of the President's eye, he endeavored to correct his language, and immediately said with emphasis, "Your excellency's lady has a very indifferent face!"

**MRS. LINCOLN AND MAJOR ANDERSON IN
PHILADELPHIA.**

Philadelphia, 11th. Major Anderson and Mrs. Lincoln and suite arrived last night.

Major Anderson will be officially received at Independence Hall this afternoon. He will be escorted to the Hall by three regiments of infantry and two companies of cavalry.

July 6

SERENADE TO THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

New York, 17th. Mrs. Lincoln was serenaded by
the Empire Regiment last night.

Re-transcript May 17 1861
NEW YORK, 17th.

PERSONAL ITEMS. Mrs. Lincoln, wife of the President, accompanied by two friends, arrived at the Revere House this morning. The party will remain here until early next week.

It is just one year today since Mr. Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency, at Chicago.

The Schoolmaster is abroad in earnest at Cuba, N. Y. In the company of volunteers now at Emira, from that town, are three printers, two lawyers, one doctor, and *twenty-eight school teachers*. When the war is over, the pedagogues should settle "away down South in Dixie," and instil into the fire-eaters there obedience to constitutional law.

The Washington correspondent of the Springfield Republican thus refers to the President:

Mr. Lincoln looks better now than he did a month ago, and is in better spirits and health than he was at that time. But the care upon his shoulders is enough to kill most men. It is a wonder that he bears up under it so well as he does. He is out a good deal to see the troops, and means to be popular among them. Seward is good at this business. The moment a regiment lands at the arsenal or at the railway depot, Mr. Seward, if he can, always goes out in his carriage, to give them welcome. Thurlow Weed has been here several days, and he gives the sage of Auburn some good advice daily. Thurlow knows the temper of the North exceedingly well at this time, and is bound to have his chief up with the times!

3/10/62

BOSTON ADV

May 30, 1861

Mrs. Lincoln's Shopping in New York--What She Bought for the White House.

New York Correspondence Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch.

"Mrs. President Lincoln," as the ladies call her, here, was shopping to a considerable extent in this city in the early part of the week. She has evidently no apprehension that Jeff. Davis will make good his threat to occupy the White House in July, for she is expending thousands and thousands of dollars for articles of luxurious taste in the household way that it would be very preposterous for her to use out in her rural home in Illinois. The silver plate from Houghwout, and the china services from the same, all with the United States coat-of-arms emblazoned upon them, will admirably suit the mulberry-colored livery of her footmen, &c., in Washington, and possibly may help very nicely to get rid of the apparently exhaustless \$25,000 a year salary of Mr. Lincoln. So may the elegant black point lace shawls she bought at Stewart's for \$650 each, and the real camel's hair cashmere at \$1,000. All these are superb addenda to a residence at one end of Pennsylvania avenue, though they would be shockingly out of place in the house of a country lawyer in Springfield. Let me do Mrs. Lincoln the justice to say that she was dreadfully importuned to enter into extravagances of various kinds; but I heard her, myself, observe at Stewart's that she could not afford it, and was "determined to be very economical." One thousand dollars for a shawl was quite as high as her sense of economy would permit her to go in these excessive hard times!

Mrs. Lincoln looks paler than she did when I saw her here in February last. Gossip, insists, too, that she is a warm secessionist! This looks like an improbability; but ladies who profess to know her sentiments declare it to be so, and that she utters her views upon that subject with a frankness and earnestness that leave one in no doubt as to the felicity of the President in his more retired domestic moments, provided he carry into the domestic sanctuary the opinion *he* entertains in public, of the Southern Confederacy. However, *that* is no subject of popular discussion. Let me hope that Mr. Lincoln will never be compelled to follow in the footsteps of President Madison. History tells us that when the British entered Washington, Madison abandoned the Executive mansion in such haste that he left a glorious dinner upon the table, having no leisure to remain to eat it. All the "deli-

cacies of the season," to say nothing of the rare wines, (Madison had taste, you know,) fell into the hands--no, I mean the mouths--of profane and red-coated soldiers, who swallowed an oath and an oyster with the same *gout* and activity. Should Jeff. Davis get into the White House, *par hasard*, in a manner as unexpected, the brilliant silver service and the china sets, with their Solfarino borders, would delight his troops, I fancy, as well as the viands thereupon; but I trust there is no such humiliation in store for my country nor for Mrs. Lincoln. It would be mortifying, indeed, if, after all, Mrs. Lincoln were only buying point lace and camel's hair for Mrs. Davis to wear; and I have a shrewd idea that Gen. Scott will take good care to keep the Confederates on the other side of the Potomac.

ACBARY, N.Y. - 8.13.61
ATLAS - ARGUS 5.61

A lady, Miss Arabella Smith, writes to the N. Y. *Commercial* her impressions of Washington society. She finds only one fault with Mr. Lincoln, viz: "He has not yet appreciated, socially, the position he has been called to occupy." Of our Presidentess, Arabella writes: "I saw Mrs. Lincoln, and I don't think if I had been the President's wife I should have dressed exactly as she did. But then, tastes differ, or I should not have been a spinster at this day. And I wouldn't have talked quite so freely in a promiscuous crowd about my husband's affairs. Madam is a smart woman, however, with an indomitable spirit lurking behind her bright eyes, and will not live four years in the White House without making her influence felt."

The President's Wife Talked to by a Strong-Minded Woman.

Correspondence of the New York Express.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8, 1861.

The copy of the letter to Mrs. Lincoln, from an eminent loyal Northern lady, to which I referred two days ago, and which I then promised the readers of the *Express*, I am able to send to-day. It is as follows:

NEW YORK, Aug. 20, 1861.

To Mrs. Abraham Lincoln:

MADAM—The chances of our Republican form of Government have placed you in so prominent a position at this period of our National affairs, that I find no need for any apology in thus publicly addressing you.

Deriving through the Theory of our institutions the power to represent the motherhood of our country, at least that portion not in revolt, the responsibility of doing this wisely and well falls with great weight upon you. All womanhood looks with anxiety to you; and will rise to do you honor if the duties imposed by this position are creditably and conscientiously fulfilled, or to upbraid and bow itself with shame, before the pitiable spectacle of so high an opportunity abused by proportionate weakness and inefficiency.

Enlightened civilization no longer regards Woman as the mere cynosure for pleasure-seeking eyes, fitted alone for vain, indolent and trifling uses, but demands from her dignity of action, power of purpose, and a manner weighty with the emotional life of the time in which she moves.

Though in the National Councils woman's voice is hushed, the policy of Governments, the great surging tides of opposing principles of action that sweep in currents and counter currents across the bosoms of nations, and all the diversified and countless interests of individuals, are open to the full exercise of her mind.

The thought-world that ever underlies the plan of material action, invites her fullest co-operation, and the present national need especially asks the high stimulant of womanly perceptions and her most earnest and intelligent sympathy.

If to such realization of the moment you find yourself incompetent, if by birth and education, in the earnest canvassing of grave subjects before which the greatest minds among us stand tremulous with awe—you realize incompetency for even a God-sent listener; yet as well trained children are taught the decencies of behavior before their perception of fitness can equal its necessity, so we are tempted to ask from you abandonment for the time of the frivolous, the childish chatter that falls upon all earnest people so discordant with the great occasion. Shall the innities of a Ball Room and Theatre be now the order of your life, when there is scarcely a family in our midst but immediately or remotely is suffering the cruel pangs of mortal bereavement? When anxiety for the loved imperilled by war is dimming the eyes of the worthiest of our land, shall you be cheating time and thought by the laugh of the festal group, amid the buzzing, soulless insect life of those who find in these things scope for their hollowness?

We can look back with pride to the earliest days of our Republic, when the simplicity and quiet dignity of a Mary Washington graced the Presidential mansion, and added lustre to the official life of George Washington. We know how freely the superfluities of dress, equipage, table and parade were relinquished to the needy and suffering soldier. Would she so have sought self-aggrandizement and the eclat of fashionable watering places?

I wish to point your attention to the thousand shadowed homes made desolate by civil war; homes that a short time ago were the abode of joy and gaiety, happy in the light of loved countenances. Now women's hearts are throbbing there with the anguish of bereavement. The drapery of mourning is over all the land. Some, like Rachel, mourning for her children, refuse to be comforted because they are not; some, for loss of husbands, whose years of intermingled

not comforted; and has led to the conviction, that when those whom Destiny has placed in positions of eminence, the better to show bright examples of virtue and heroism fail us, we can only fall back on that great reliable common sense, so largely the endowment of the American people, and believe that, in the end, this element will surely prevent woman from sharing at this time, in untimely and inconsiderate gaiety.

I address you from no desire for animadversion, but from a deep regard for the position of our leaders before the world, desiring that in, and through you, womanhood may be justified in this day of our nation's calamity. Yours, respectfully, H. S. D.

I forward the above letter for publication, because it is so eminently suggestive of the rights and proprieties, to the entire sex in whose name it is written. The authoress meditated no use of it, other than that which is implied by its address. F.

ALBANY NEW YORK
ATLAS-ARGUS

Atlas & Argus.

TUESDAY MORNING, OCT. 15, 1861.

THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE—The Washington correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* makes the following good natured comments, upon a power in the land which is not provided for in the Constitution, but may be said in some senses to hold sway even above the Constitution:—

"We have for the first time in the history of presidents, a president's wife who seems to be ambitious of having a finger in the government pie. Her friends compare Mrs. Lincoln to Queen Elizabeth in her statesmanlike tastes and capabilities. She is by no means a simple, domestic woman; but was evidently intended by nature to mix somewhat in politics. That she does so is undeniable. She has ere this made and unmade the political fortunes of men. She is said to be much in conversation with cabinet members, and has before now held correspondence with them on political topics. Some go so far as to suggest that the president is indebted to her for some of his ideas and projects. She is a very active woman. Nothing escapes her eye. She manages the affairs of the White House (I do not mean State affairs) with ability and will see to it that the "old man" does not return to Springfield penniless. In foreign countries her turn for politics would not subject her to adverse criticism, but the American people are so unused to these things, that it is not easy for them to like it. Mrs. Douglas was a good deal of a politician, though she never injured her husband's position, but rather improved it, by her social alliances. Miss Lane never alluded to politics, and Mrs. Pierce knew nothing about them. She was probably the most simple-hearted woman that ever presided at the President's table. The word 'simple' is not used in a depreciative sense. She was a pure-minded, unselfish, Christian woman, and knew nothing at all of the world."

B. Transcript Nov 5, 1861
ARMY MATTERS.

VISIT OF MRS. LINCOLN TO BOSTON.

Recovery of Soldiers' Bodies in the
Potomac.

New York, 5th. The Herald's despatch states that General McClellan has been occupied ascertaining the strength, condition and disposition of the army of the United States, and systematizing matters so that the burthen of the management of military affairs may be safely confided to the Adjutant General's office, and afford General McClellan opportunity to devote his attention especially to the army of the Potomac.

Mrs. Lincoln has left for Boston to visit her son Robert.

Nine bodies of the soldiers drowned at Ball's Bluff were picked up today at Georgetown and Long Bridge. Most of them were buried upon Anacostan Island, opposite Georgetown.

W. L. L. L.
7/10/11
page 29

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND MRS. LINCOLN.—
Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames writes to the Springfield *Republican*: "Abraham Lincoln looks very awkward in white kid gloves, and feels uncomfortable in new boots. Mrs. Lincoln is very dumpy, and very good natured, and very gorgeous; she stuns me with her low-necked dresses and the flower-beds which she carries on the top of her head."

EXCURSION BY MRS. LINCOLN AND SONS.
New York, 14th. Mrs. President Lincoln and
her two sons, accompanied by Colonels Sweeny,
Howe and Murphy, and several lady friends,
made an excursion in the harbor today in the
revenue steamer Winans, under the auspices of
Surveyor Andrews. They visited the steamers
City of New York and Great Eastern, and were
received in fine style amid cheers for the Presi-
dent and the playing of Hail Columbia and
Yankee Doodle by the bands. The guns of the
great ship gave the customary salute.

Boston Transcript
July 15, 1862

— Mrs. Lincoln has decided to hold drawing rooms at the White House every Saturday afternoon for the reception of ladies, and gentlemen who may accompany them. A handsome pair of horses, to replace those burned when the White House stable was destroyed by fire, were recently presented to her by George S. Gideon, President of the Horse Railroad.

1864

THE INAUGURATION BALL AT WASHINGTON. The National Inauguration Ball which came off Monday night in the spacious marble halls of the Patent Office is described in letters to the New York press as a magnificent affair. As some of our readers may like to take a glimpse at the ball through Jenkins's lorgnette, we select a few scenes from his descriptive account:

"Mrs. Lincoln looked extremely well, and was attired in a most elegant manner; her dress was made of white satin, very ample and rich, but almost entirely covered by a tunic or rather skirt of the finest *point applique*. Her corsage, which was low, and the short sleeves, were ornamented richly by a berthe made of the same material, and the sbawl, also of the same rich lace, was most exquisite. *Passementerie* of narrow fluted satin ribbon and *nouds* completed the dress. Her jewels were of the rarest pearls—necklace, earrings, brooch and bracelets. Her hair, which was put plainly back from her face, was ornamented with trailing jessamine and clustering violets most gracefully. She looked exceedingly well with her soft, white complexion, and her toilet was faultless.

The multitude of *recherche* dresses worn by ladies of distinction, it would be impossible to enumerate. There was a preponderance of sensible, high-necked dresses. Many ladies who wore velvets, moires, and heavier silks, dispensed with hoops altogether, thereby displaying their good taste as well as their regard for the appreciation of some approximation to the female form which still inheres or lingers in the mind of man; one, a matron and evidently a Spanish lady, wore a dress of cloth of gold, with raised crimson velvet flowers, such an one as is seldom seen in this country, or afforded in any other. In her hair she wore a cluster of five or six enormous diamond rings, strung on a bandean of velvet. Her laces were also of the finest quality. In her hand she carried a large fan of the gayest and most brilliant workmanship, which seemed to give a breeze of a more ardent clime than ours.

A moire antique dress, high-necked and ample-skirted, of the most delicate shade of green imaginable, and worn by a young lady, was indeed exquisite; and also a very light lavender moire antique, trimmed heavily upon the skirt and waist with long silver fringe, was superb. Silks predominated over the more airy textures. Diamonds and other precious jewelry were worn in great abundance, and rich laces were plentiful. Some ladies displayed the bad taste of wearing their rings over their gloves. Every lady makes the most of her—or somebody's else—hair, which is frizzled and puffed and curled in the most extensive manner, and is powdered frequently with diamond and gold dust. One dress of mauve velvet, trimmed with deep point lace, we must not omit to mention. It was royal.

The only thing which did not seem promising was the fact that but three hundred could be comfortably accommodated at one time at the supper, while there were five thousand persons to be accommodated, and a large majority of them ladies.

About the hour of 12, the Presidential party were escorted by a private entrance to privileged places. Soon afterwards the doors were opened, and a throng of more than a thousand, who had collected at that end of the hall, poured into the upper-room. Of course, when three persons occupy the space barely sufficient for one, a "crush" is the result; and the crush which followed can better be imagined than depicted.

But this was not the worst feature. With that indecency of conduct and want of politeness which characterizes many American people at a large crowd at a public supper table, many gentlemen, and even some of the other sex, who delight to be esteemed ladies, seized upon the most ornamental and least nutritious part of the table decorations, demolished them, and carried the pieces off in handkerchiefs or crushed them under foot. Then the more substantial viands were served likewise. Large dishes of choice meats, *attetes*, *salades* and jellies were carried off *vi et armis* into the alcoves or elsewhere. One gentleman presented a very ludicrous attitude with a large plate of smoked tongue, requiring both hands to hold it, no place to sit down, and no way to eat it! He looked the picture of despair.

In less than an hour the table was a wreck; a few ornaments not destroyed were removed, and the array of empty dishes and the debris of the feast were positively frightful to behold.

The doors were now wide open, and hundreds of ladies in elegant silks, satins and velvets, and gentlemen in dainty broadcloth, surged and struggled back and forth. A few obtained something to eat, others very little, and many more

only succeeded in ruining their toilets. As much was wasted as was eaten, and however much may have been provided, more than half the guests went supperless. But it was a public supper; we were not much disappointed, and though the gentlemen who managed it may have been to blame for the want of room, the fact remains that the supper was a disaster, and detracted from the otherwise pleasant aspect of the occasion.

Up to midnight there was little opportunity for dancing owing to the immense number present; but after the departure of the President and party, which occurred soon after 12 o'clock, the assemblage became sensibly smaller, promenading easier, and dancing quite comfortable. Those who love to 'thread the mazes of the dance' then indulged themselves to their entire satisfaction, and the ball went on almost until the dawn of day."

Some Gorgeous Costumes Described by a Correspondent of the Day.

The following clipping, from the New York Times, found in an old scrap book in the possession of Mr. George Butterfield, of 1521 T street northwest, is furnished The Post. It is descriptive of the inaugural ball of President Lincoln:

Mrs. Lincoln looked extremely well, and was attired in the most elegant manner; her dress was made of white satin, very ample and rich, but almost entirely covered by a tunic, or rather skirt, of the finest point applique. Her corsage, which was low, and the short sleeves, were ornamented richly by a pericle made of the same material, and the shawl, also of the same rich lace, was most exquisite. Passementerie of narrow fluted satin ribbon and nouds completed the dress. Her jewels were of the rarest pearls, necklace, earrings, brooch, and bracelets. Her hair, which was put plainly back from her face, was ornamented with trailing jessamine and clustering violets most gracefully.

Mrs. Secretary Welles, a lady of rather petite figure, was dressed in a mode-colored silk, with black lace shawl. Mrs. Secretary Usher, of about the same stature, wore rich dress of garnet satin, very plain but richly made. Mrs. Postmaster General Dennison, who is a very fine-looking lady, wore a most becoming dress of heavy black velvet, brilliant jewels and hair plainly dressed. Her daughter was in white muslin, embroidered with black. Mrs. Fred Seward, wife of the Assistant Secretary of State, was attired in a pretty rose-colored silk, handsomely trimmed. Mrs. Senator Harris, who has the appearance of a well-preserved English lady, wore a most elegant dress of corn-colored silk, trimmed with point applique. One of the most elaborate and rich dresses in the room was worn by Mrs. George Francis Train. It was a very finely plaided blue silk, trimmed with a flounce of thread lace, almost as deep as her skirt, and other laces to match. Her hair was powdered with gold.

The multitude of recherche dresses worn by ladies of distinction it would be impossible to enumerate. There was a preponderance of sensible high-necked dresses; but a few, and some not American, wore corsages shockingly decollete. Many ladies who wore velvets, moires, and heavier silks dispensed with hoops altogether, thereby displaying their good taste as well as their regard for the appreciation some approximation to the female form which still inheres or lingers in the mind of man; one matron, and evidently a Spanish lady, wore a dress of cloth of gold, with raised crimson velvet flowers, such an one as is seldom seen in this country, or afforded in any other. In her hair she wore a cluster of five or six enormous diamond rings, strung on a bandeau of velvet. Her laces were also of the finest quality. In her hand she carried a large fan of the gayest and most brilliant workmanship, which seemed to give a breeze of a more ardent clime than ours. A moire antique dress, high-necked, and ample skirted, of the most delicate shades of green imaginable, and worn by a very young lady, was indeed exquisite; and also a very light lavender moire antique, trimmed heavily upon the skirt and waist with long silver fringe, were superb. Silks predominated over the more airy textures. Diamonds and other precious jewels were worn in great abundance, and rich laces were plentiful. Some ladies displayed the bad taste of wearing their rings over their gloves. Every lady makes the most of her—"or somebody's else"—hair, which is frizzed and puffed and curled in the most extensive manner, and is powdered frequently with diamond and gold dust. One dress of mauve velvet, trimmed with deep point lace, we must not omit to mention. It was royal.

NY Tribune
2/1/86

We have good authority for stating that Mrs. Lincoln was anxious from first to last to be permitted to proceed with the corpse of her husband to Springfield, Ill., by the shortest route, with the least possible parade or delay. That she has been a second time overruled is a tribute to her kindness of heart at the expense of others' consideration.

Earl Russell to Queen Victoria.

Foreign Office, 27th April, 1865.
Lord Russell presents his humble duty to Your Majesty. It has been suggested that a very good effect would be produced in conciliating the feelings of the United States if Your Majesty would deign to write to Mrs. Lincoln privately, condoling with her on her bereavement by so cruel a crime.

Mr. Goldwin Smith to Dean Stanley.

(Submitted to Queen Victoria.)

Oxford, 27th April, 1865.

My Dear Stanley—The murder of the President, who was the ministry not only of clemency at home but of moderation abroad, so greatly increases the danger to the peace of the world from that quarter that I feel it almost a duty to let you know how much good might be done and how much evil might be averted by a personal expression of sympathy from the Queen.

Toward her personally the affection of the American people, displayed in the passionate enthusiasm with which they received her son (when Albert Edward, Prince of Wales and future King Edward VII., visited Amer-

ica in 1860) has never abated, in spite of all the bitterness between the two nations. It springs from the deepest part of their character and survives all political estrangement. She cannot be a greater object of household love and veneration in her own dominions than she still is throughout the Northern States.

The words of a Prime Minister will be civilly acknowledged by the authorities and the press. They will have no effect on the heart of the people. — Goldwin Smith.

"Though a Stranger"

Queen Victoria to Mrs. Lincoln.
OSBORNE, 29th April, 1865.

DEAR MADAM — Though a stranger to you, I cannot remain silent when so terrible a calamity has fallen upon you and your country, and must express personally my deep and heartfelt sympathy with you under the shocking circumstances of your present dreadful misfortune.

No one can better appreciate than I can, who am myself utterly broken-hearted by the loss of my own beloved husband, who was the light of my life, my stay, my all, what your sufferings must be; and I earnestly pray that you may be supported by Him to Whom alone the sorely stricken can look for comfort in this hour of heavy affliction!

With the renewed expression of true sympathy, I remain, dear Madam, your sincere friend,

VICTORIA R.

EVENING EDITION

THIRD EDITION.

TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1865

WAR MATTERS.

A Savannah letter states that business is beginning to improve wonderfully in that city. New stores and shops are being opened, a large number of the emigrated citizenz and those in the army have returned, and, altogether, the city wears a livelier appearance than for years. With the good results of peace, the association of Yankees and Southerners in business projects, the liberality of the government towards Southern cities and Southern people, and its evident disposition to limit its severity to the ringleaders of the rebellion, there is apparent a great improvement in the feelings of the masses toward the Northern soldiers and Northern merchants. Where they were respectful before, they are friendly now, and where before they gave submission only, they now manifest a disposition for encouragement and co-operation.

The news of Kirby Smith's surrender was received with great rejoicings by the soldiers encamped around Washington, who now regard their warlike occupation as truly ended.

A letter written on the 24th of last March at Washington, Georgia, by that fire-eating rebel, ex-Senator Robert Toombs, to a gentleman in Richmond, is very interesting, as containing a despondent prophecy or two which the tremendous events of the past few months have fully realized. Toombs at that time had "the most painful apprehensions for the future" of the slaveholders' confederacy, solely from his "conviction of the total incapacity of Mr. (Jeff.) Davis, and consequently the utter failure of all his petty schemes." Davis himself was regarded by Toombs as a complete failure, who was wildly squandering the resources of the people on his favorites, and their only salvation was in his overthrow. Gen. Lee Toombs did not think much more of Lee than of Jeff.; and the enlistment of negroes to fight for the confederacy, which he considered a disgrace that must lead to the most fatal consequences, is characterized as "a piece of imbecile stupidity, as well as treachery to the cause, well worthy of Davis and Lee." Toombs concludes:—"We can win the fight if we can get rid of Davis; if not, not."

GREAT TROTTING MATCH AT LOWELL. For some few weeks past the announcements have been made of a Lowell

TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD

Important Military Changes and Assignments.

General Halleck Assigned to the Pacific States.

The Intended Resignation of Stanton Re-affirmed.

BRECKINRIDGE BELIEVED TO HAVE ESCAPED TO TEXAS.

New York, May 30. The Herald's Washington dispatch says the Generals of the Regular Army have been assigned as follows:—General Halleck takes command of the Pacific States; General Sherman the Military Division of Mississippi, comprising Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee and probably Louisiana; General Meade the Atlantic States; General Sheridan the Trans-Mississippi and General Thomas, North Carolina and perhaps other Southern States.

General Warren has resigned his command as Major General of Volunteers.

Gen. Logan has received orders to transfer the Army of the Tennessee to Louisville.

The appointment to the Assistant Treasurer's office in New York will not be made until next month. Among the names mentioned for the place are Lucius Robinson, ex-Lieut. Governor Campbell, T. W. Olcott, J. B. Vermilyea, J. J. Cisco and Mr. Blatchford.

The Times Washington despatch says Secretary Stanton is not going to Berlin. He intends to resign, however.

It will take \$60,000,000 to pay off the army, and the money is ready.

It is believed that Breckenridge has reached Texas.

The Tribune's dispatch says the letter of condolence from the Empress Eugenie to Mrs. Lincoln, although received some time since by the French Minister, is detained by him—evinced ill feeling on his part.

Frederick Seward is improving again.

CAPTURE OF PROMINENT REBELS IN FLORIDA.

Beauregard and Staff at New Orleans.

FROM MEXICO.

New York, May 30. The gunboats Magnolia and Glancus have arrived from Key West, the latter in tow.

Rebel officers returning to their homes were arriving at Key West from along the coast, and were being furnished with transportation.

The rebel Senator Harris, of Mississippi, and other officers were captured and had arrived at New Orleans.

R

The part of the association this evening and the great suppression the religious Union parties thus far. Several days ago, one of the confederate age, dox, edian in the on the p the Ju tol Pr his g thro Mr. Wash to en men Secu tho in fo ing ath pro cond Bo ed s for A Bo meet was Ma

The Relict of Lincoln.

Everything pertaining to the Shoddy Queen, at the present time, is interesting to the general reader. So believing we quote the following paragraphs from the New York letter of the 9th to the St. Louis Times. They seem to be 'off the same piece' with Thurlow Weed's reminiscences, and go far to disprove the pitiful stories of poverty offered by Madame, the Queen. A woman as sharp at figuring small swindles would not leave the White House in penury? We quote:

"When Lord Lyons represented England at the court of the late lamented, his wife had a waiting maid who took the fancy of a certain lady in the White House. By promises of preferment and increased wages, this waiting maid was induced to transfer her services from Lady Lyons to another lady whose name had the same initial. She thought, poor thing, that she would have nothing to do but exhibit herself about the White House, but this delusion was very speedily dispelled; for it was only a few days when she was set to work making drawers out of the linen sheets of the establishment. This wounded her feelings so much that she soon 'gave notice' to her employer, and when she subsequently spoke of her sorrows to her friends, she said that the extraordinary length of the drawers she was employed on, left no doubt in her mind as to the person who was to have the comfort of wearing them."

"Mrs. Clarke' made several trips to N. Y. in the war times, and made some extensive purchases each time she came. On one occasion the proprietor of a leading jewelry and furnishing establishment on Broadway received (so the story goes) an order for a beautiful chandelier for the White House. The price of the chandelier was \$500, but somebody (as I was not present at the time, I will not be positive about the names) suggested that the bill should be made out for \$1,000, and that the difference should be made up in jewelry. But the gentleman to whom the proposition was made respectfully declined to entertain it, and I think his chandelier was not sent to Washington."

"On another occasion, a Broadway dealer, well known throughout the country was favored with an order for some super fine sets of porcelain and chinaware for the national establishment. The value of the sets was 800, but other purchases made at the same time brought the bill up to \$2,200. The storekeeper was requested to make the porcelain and chinaware cover the whole amount of the bill and to oblige his customer he did so. The bill went to the secretary of the interior who said to himself: "Two thousand two hundred dollars is a very high price for these sets; I must look into it." He did look into it by sending an agent to a large furnishing house in Philadelphia where the same kind of goods were sold, and the agent went back to Washington with the information that the Philadelphia price of the articles was \$800. The Secretary of the Interior then wrote to the Broadway dealer to know how he came to charge \$2,200 for goods that were sold for \$800 in Philadelphia, and the merchant wrote back that he only charged \$800 for them, and that the extra \$1,400 covered other purchases which had not been specified."

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Mrs. Lincoln's Loyalty.

Since Mrs. Abraham Lincoln was adjudged insane, some criticisms have been made on her loyalty during the war. In reply to these, Mrs. H. C. Ingersol writes the following letter to the Springfield Republican:

"Your notice of the sad calamity which places Mrs. Lincoln in the hospital for the insane, brings to my mind some incidents which occurred in the spring of 1864, that I then vainly desired to give to the public, but which may now without impropriety be published. That they may tend to a kinder judgment of one who has suffered much from unkind criticism, is my fervent hope.

"It was in that spring that the effort was made to serve the union cause, through the 'Ladies National Covenant,—to purchase no imported goods, for three years, or for the duration of the war.' It was my lot to call upon Mrs. Lincoln for her signature for the pledge. She impulsively said she would give her name most readily to it, but thought that Mr. Lincoln's consent ought to be obtained before using it, and some delay was created by waiting for an opportunity to hear from him. It was while waiting for that interview of nearly an hour, with Mrs. Lincoln, and I came away from that interview feeling that never had I found a person more unlike the newspaper reports of her than she seemed to be. We talked much of the war, of slavery, and of the death of children, as mothers who had both lost children could talk.

At that time, Mrs. Lincoln was charged in the papers with sending information to the enemy by her sister, who had recently been in Washington. To me, she said that she had refused to see that sister, although generals of the union army had been sent to solicit an interview. "I would not let her cross my threshold, nor anyone, who was an enemy to my country," she said. Of slavery, and her own experience of it, while she lived in a slave state, she gave me some very interesting recitals, and her expressions were strong enough to satisfy an abolitionist. I remember that she said: "Mr. Sumner says he wishes my husband was as ardent an abolitionist as I am." I ventured to allude to the way in which she had been misrepresented by the papers, and that I thought the truth ought to be told about her, particularly that the charges in relation to her rendering "aid and comfort" to the enemy, by her sister, should be contradicted. "Oh," said she, "it is no use to make any defense; all such efforts would only make me a target for new attacks. I do not belong to the public; my character is wholly domestic and the public have nothing to do with it. I know it seems hard that I should be maligned, and I used to shed many bitter tears about it, but since I have known real sorrow, since little Willie died, all these shafts have no power to wound me. If I could lay my head on my pillow at night, and feel that I had wronged no one, that is all I have wished since his death." This was said with pathos, and an emphasis of sincerity, that I confess I did not listen to with dry eyes. She talked much, as mothers will talk, of the child that had died, of the peculiar

nearness and dearness of the "mother boy" as William used to call himself, and I left her with my heart running over with sympathy toward a woman that I had heretofore estimated, to say the least, not highly.

I went back to Armory square hospital (then my home) and wrote for the little Hospital Gazette, of which I had the charge, an account of the interview as I thought might safely be given to the public with the purpose of presenting a truer picture of Mrs. Lincoln than the one popularly held. I remember writing that "if Mrs. Lincoln was not a patriotic woman, and one of the noble sentiments also—then she was to my mind, the best actress in America." Upon reading my article to a lady friend, not more prejudiced against Mrs. Lincoln than anybody else, she begged me not to publish it. "You will only be laughed at for your credulity, no one will believe you, and you will be doing a most unwise thing to put your sentiments in print." "I shall be doing a just thing," I replied, "and if Mrs. Lincoln will not object, I shall certainly do it—but I feel that I have no right to print her private conversation without asking her leave." "Oh," said my friend, "she will be only too glad to have anything so complimentary to her published."

I enclosed my article to Mrs. Lincoln, asking her consent to print, and received a request that I would come again and see her. When I went, she placed the article in my hands, thanked me, and told me she appreciated my motives, and that I was very kind, but she still felt sure that it was best for her that no friend defend her, or say anything about her in print; she had a right to privacy, and she could not allow, even her friends to break over the rule she, with her husband's approval, had laid down—which was utter silence in the press on her part. Of course I was obliged to keep silent after that—only, that I impressed my lady friend that she had at least mistaken Mrs. Lincoln's wishes in regard to having complimentary articles published about her, and when I have had opportunity since I have given my spoken testimony against the popular current of dispraise of this much suffering, and, as I believe, unjustly esteemed woman. But now that the development of calamity is likely to change and soften many of the unkind aspersions from which Mrs. Lincoln has suffered, it seems to me quite right that I should at last give to her the small tribute of justice, that, years since, my heart and judgment prompted. There is little doubt in my own mind that Mrs. Lincoln would have been defended in print by others as well as myself, during the time that she was so much written against, but for the rule of silence, that she herself imposed upon her friends. —June 19, 1875.

The White House.

There is a great deal of architecture in Washington—Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, Composite, Elizabethan, Gothic, Norman, African too—an amazing jumble of styles borrowed from all nations and all ages; but among it all there is no building quite as satisfying to my eye as the White House, with a reservation to the prejudice of the northern portico, which was added when the structure was repaired after the British invasion of 1814; but happily the portico is half hidden by the foliage of noble trees.

There is no sham or pretense about the house, none of the straining after striking effects, which is the fault of so many of our modern constructions; no effort to look like a temple, or a cathedral, or a castle. It tries to be a spacious and dignified dwelling and nothing more, and in this it is entirely successful. The public-office feature, which has converted many of its rooms into tramping and lounging places for office seekers and political plotters, was no part of the original plan, but has come from the modern system, introduced in a small way by President Jackson, and since grown to monstrous dimensions, under which nine-tenths of a President's working hours are devoted to hearing and considering the applications of place-hunters. The mansion would now be adequate to all the domestic and social uses of a republican chief magistrate, if other quarters were found for the business of the executive office.

When James Hoban, the Irish architect, who had established himself in Charleston, and was building substantial houses on the Battery for South Carolina planters and tradesmen of that town, received notice that his plan for the President's house had been adopted, he hastened to Washington to claim the prize of five hundred dollars, and to take charge of the erection of the building. Hoban had not seen much of the world, and had modeled his plan pretty closely upon one of the best houses he knew—that of the Duke of Leinster, in Dublin. The Duke's house was in imitation of those spacious and stately villas which the Italians learned to build when the rest of Europe was living in uncouth

pile of brick or gloomy fortified castles. Indeed, the world has not improved much to this day on the Italian house of the middle ages, save in inventions for water-pipes, warming and lighting. Thick walls secured warmth in winter and coolness in summer; the windows were made to admit plenty of air and sunlight, the wide doors for ingress and egress, without jostling, of people walking by twos or threes; the stairs were easy to climb, the rooms, high, well-proportioned, and of a size fitted for their several uses. Thus was the White House built. The corner-stone was laid in 1792, in a bare field sloping to the Potomac, the Masons conducting the ceremonial, and Washington gracing the occasion. At first it was proposed to call it the Palace, but against this suggestion a lively protest was made by people who feared the young Republic would be governed by an aristocracy aping the ways of courts and kings; so it was determined by Congress that the building should be officially named the "Executive Mansion"—a mansion being then a term of common use for the better-class dwellings of the gentry in Virginia and Maryland. It would be hard to say when the name White House was first applied to it, but it did not, probably, gain currency until the edifice was rebuilt after the British soldiers had partially destroyed it, and was painted white to hide the black traces of smoke and flame upon the freestone walls.

President John Adams, Washington's immediate successor, was the first occupant of the Mansion; and everybody has read, in Mrs. Adam's letters, how she used the unfinished east room for drying clothes, and of the literal "house-warming" she made to take the dampness out of the walls, with no end of trouble to obtain fire-wood enough for the purpose. The east room, by the way, was intended for a banquetting hall; and here we have a souvenir of the aristocratic notions of the Virginians and South Carolinians of that day. Hoban must have been encouraged in his idea that a President of the United States would occasionally give a mighty feast, like those given by kings and princes and powerful noblemen in the Old World. Probably neither he nor Washington, whom he must have consulted, imagined that the room would be needed, and besides be much too small, for the miscellaneous crowd which, in another generation would overflow the Mansion at public receptions.

When the British army, under General Ross and Admiral Cockburn, came marching across the country from the Patuxent River, in August, 1814, scattering like sheep the militia drawn up at Bladensburg, and taking possession of the raw, rambling, uncouth village of Washington, the White House was still unfinished—an unsightly pile standing in the midst of ill-kept grounds, surrounded by a cheap paling-fence. After the soldiers had burned

the Capitol, and just as they were about to countermarch to their ships, having pillaged the house quite at their leisure for twenty-four hours, they brought fire from a beer shop and set it ablaze, and then trudged off quite merrily in the light of the conflagration till caught in the historic thunder-storm of that summer night, which so pelted and battered them that they thought it was the wrath of heaven upon their vandalism. There is only one memento of the fire in the house to-day—the picture of Washington which hangs in the east room—once called a Gilbert Stuart, but now known to be the work of an English artist of no fame, who copied faithfully Stuart's style. The fraud was not discovered until some time after the original had been shipped to England—too late to recover it.

There is probably no building in the world where, in less than a century, more of history has centered than in this shining, white mansion, screened by trees on the city side, and looking out from its southern window across the placid Poto-

mac to the red Virginia hills. Twenty-one presidents have lived in it, and two have died in it. One went from its red room with a group of friends, at the close of the four years' civil war, to be struck down by an assassin's bullet in a theater, and to be carried unconscious to a death-bed in a strange house. One, in full mid-current of life, sturdy of brain and body, and glowing with patriotic purposes, was shot in a railway station and carried up the vine-bordered steps, to languish through weeks of pain, struggling manfully with death, all the world looking on with a universal sympathy never before shown to mortal man, to be borne, as a last hope, to the sea-side.

There have been marriages and merry-makings too, jovial feasts, and ceremonial banquets; grave councils of state that shaped the destiny of the nation; secret intrigues and midnight conclaves that made or unmade political parties; war councils that flashed forth orders, on telegraphic wires, which moved great armies, and set lines of battle in deadly front. The history of the White House is a government and political history of the United States from 1800 to this day; it is also a history of the domestic lives, the ambitions, and the personal traits of twenty-one presidents, their families, and their near friends and advisers. I shall attempt no part of it here, and shall only remark, that it has left few traces behind in the way of memories or traditions in the mansion. The history must be sought out piecemeal in libraries. One can not even learn which was the room where Harrison died, after his brief four weeks of power, or where bluff, honest Zachary Taylor, the "rough and ready" of the Mexican war, breathed his last. The few traditions that cling to the house are incongruous mosaics of tragedy and gayety. "Here," says an attendant, pointing to a particular

place on the carpet in the east room, "is where Lincoln lay in his coffin; and here"—moving a few steps away—"is where Nellie Grant stood when she was married to the young Englishman, Sartoris." Your attention is called to the smoked-blue color of the furniture in the blue room, and you are informed that at such a place the President usually stands at receptions, and in the next breath are told that "this is the window where they brought poor Garfield in after he was shot, taking him up the back-stairs because of the crowd in front."

It seems as if the memory of the two martyred Presidents were alone destined to haunt the White House, all others fading away with the lapse of time. Indeed, if one wants to find some trace of the angular and resolute personality of Jackson, or of the polite and graceful Van Buren, or of that hardy soldier Zachary Taylor, or even of occupants as late as the courtly Buchanan, he will be disappointed, and a still more recent President, Grant, finds his permanent fame dependent far more upon his career as a general than on that as a chief magistrate, and has left in the building he occupied for eight years few memories that are still fresh. The White House is, in fact, an official hotel. The guests come and go, and when they leave they take with them, along with their trunks, whatever of personality they diffused through its stately apartments while they remained. Some have lived in the house in the spirit of a freehold owner, sure of undisturbed possession; some, like short-term tenants, never feeling quite at home. Of the latter were the family of President Johnson, one of whose daughters said: "We are plain people from the mountains of Tennessee, called for a time by a great national calamity. We hope too much will not be expected of us." Whether proud or modest in their temper or belongings, however, the Presidents, when once they have surrendered the reins of power, soon drop back into the dim and ghostly procession of their predecessors. One of the saddest spectacles connected with official life in Washington,

and one to which no pen has done adequate justice, is the hasty packing of the effects of an outgoing President just before the fateful fourth of March which ends his power. After noon of that day the family has no more right there than the passing stranger on the street; and while the cannon are firing salvos of welcome to the new President, and the long procession is moving up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol front, where he is to be inaugurated, the White House family are gathering their personal effects together and taking last looks at the rooms where they have been honored and courted and flattered for years, the delightful sense of greatness and power they have enjoyed so longed now cut short in a single day.—*April Century.*

Methodist Recorder
Apr. 26, 1884

LINCOLN AND STANTON.

Mrs. Lincoln and the Contraband Mail Carrier—An Episode of the Winter 1864-5.

To the Editor of the Commercial Gazette:

The following characteristic episode in connection with President Lincoln's relations to his great War Secretary has, I think, never before been published, although here given second-hand. My informant now dead, was a confidential clerk or secretary in Mr. Stanton's office at the time. Before this we had been comrades in the war. Wounded almost to death December 31, 1862, at Stone River, and then sent for further service in the field, a graduate of Kenyon, his fitness for other duties was recognized by Mr. Stanton, who invited him to Washington. These details are given to explain how my friend came to be present, and was able to describe as eye witness the very dramatic scene incident to this narrative.

It will be recalled, in connection with the closing of the "Wilderness Campaign," Sherman's march to the sea, with Thomas isolated in Tennessee, that the War Secretary was invested with almost arbitrary powers, and its wisdom all now recognize. Mr. Lincoln consented to waive for the time being his prerogatives to a certain extent in favor of his Secretary, as the sequel will disclose.

It was at this stage that Mrs. Lincoln appealed to her husband for safe conduct through our lines across the Potomac, in behalf of a dear friend, an Episcopal clergyman and a rebel, then in Washington. Mr. Lincoln at first, of course, refused to entertain the solicitation, but further importuned submitted the matter to Mr. Stanton, who, as may be supposed, rejected it with indignation and wrath.

A few days subsequently a prisoner was brought to military headquarters—captured at the outpost with, as alleged, a forged pass, purporting to bear the signature, "A. Lincoln." This resulted in an examination of the prisoner's person, and the disclosure was made that he was fairly loaded down with mail matter. Further investigation revealed the fact that this was the Reverend gentleman in whose behalf Mrs. Lincoln had volunteered her good officers, as stated. But worse than all, the "pass" proved to be genuine. Mr. Lincoln acknowledged the fact, with horror at the disclosure just made, of the contraband mail. Mr. Stanton, for once, did not rave; he simply said, "Mr. President, I give it up," and there and then calmly wrote out his resignation and handed it to the President and demanded its immediate acceptance. Mr. Lincoln appeared not to see the paper. With tears in his eyes he appealed for forgiveness. "Yes, 'Forgive me, Stanton,'" were his words, adding, "You can never know what I have suffered, or the pressure brought to bear to influence my actions, and I had not slept for three nights, when I yielded. Come, come, now old fellow, you must not be too hard on me; stick to the ship and let us go down together, if it comes to that. Here is my hand that I will never more repeat this offense." By this time Mr. Stanton was as completely broke up as the President—both were in tears. And, it is needless to add, the storm was over, and what is more, the matter was never again referred to.

It may add to the interest to state that the Rev. gentleman, here referred to, was subsequently Bishop of Alabama.

THE ADJUTANT.

TOPKKA, KAN., May 20, 1887.



LET us look for a moment at the White House and its inmates after Lincoln was inaugurated.

It stands to reason that in a land where uneducated men of humble birth, by the exercise of inherent talent, by fortuitous combinations of accident, by a thousand and one caprices of political parties, attain our high places of dignity and responsibility, there must of necessity be now and

then social traverses. The presidents have not always been men of culture. Not always men of education, not always statesmen. The soldier element has entered very largely into the question of civil preferment, and the soldiers who have occupied the White House have, almost without exception, been men of, what may be styled without offence, lowly birth, meagre education and lack of fitness for the social duties of the high position, to which, by the favor of the people, they were called.

Men assimilate with new conditions much more quickly than women.

Men are in public life; they are smoothed by constant attritions; the friction of political strife polish them somewhat. Their wives and daughters remain at home, and when promotion attends the career of the man, elevation comes so suddenly that the women, as a rule, are decidedly found wanting.

Washington's wife literally held court.

The wife of John Adams, who first occupied the White House, was not only a great but a most elegant person. She was great in mental endowments, and, although not beautiful, was most fascinating in manner. Like her predecessor, she believed in all the pomp of stately ceremonial. Jefferson was a widower. Dolly Madison was a jolly body, undignified, romps. Mrs. Monroe, who had lived many years on the other side, conversant with the usages of polite society, was the personification of refinement and quiet womanly dignity. She made a point of returning no visits whatever, and did her best to bring back the courtly days of Washington and Adams, from the innocuous desuetude into which ceremonials had fallen, during the time of her immediate predecessor. Mrs. John Quincy Adams, like Mrs. Monroe, had the benefit, the great advantage of birth in a circle of wealth and refinement, of long experience in the ways and customs of, not only polite but punctilious society. She was not only a woman of unusual mental equipment, but extraordinary cultivation with fine taste and wide experience in the ways of the world. You see she had lived the greater part of her life in London, prior to her marriage, and the early days of her married life were passed with her husband at court, so that when she came, as the wife of the president, to leadership in Washington society, she came to nothing new, and was at once recognized. In a time when refinement meant much and the proprieties of social routine counted for even more, she took her position with a readiness that was at once as graceful as it was natural. Andrew Jackson's wife died immediately before the general's inauguration, and the ladies who conducted the domestic and social branches of the Jacksonian house were in no way fitted for those responsibilities. Martin Van Buren was a widower, but Washington society lost nothing along the line of ele-

gance, and of extremest recognition of social proprieties, during the occupancy of Mrs. Abram Van Buren, who had been Miss Singleton, a beautiful daughter of South Carolina, well born, finely educated and of extended social connections. The death of President Harrison within a month after his inaugural interfered with what would probably have been a very charming regime, but Mrs. Harrison had no experience in the White House, her place being soon taken by Mrs. John Tyler, who died very shortly after her husband's inauguration. Tyler subsequently married a Miss Gardner of New York, a very beautiful woman, who made her brief tenure of the White House unostentatiously brilliant and notably enjoyable. One of the most dignified women the White House has ever known was the wife of President Polk, who was disposed to permeate the festivities of the official residence with her own personal religious ideas to an extent not entirely defensible.

As she had no faith in the propriety of dancing, dancing was not permitted.

Although in those days it was the custom universally to offer refreshments at receptions, she, not liking the idea, discontinued the practice, but in spite of these peculiarities Mrs. Polk was one of the notables in the long list of presidents' wives. She not only had a fine head, but a great deal in it. She was not only a woman in commanding position, but a commanding woman in position. She was a notable dresser. Fully appreciating the importance of her husband's position as chief magistrate of a great nation, she bore herself with dignity that befitted her station. President Taylor's wife was in no way suited to the life of Washington society, and her daughter, Mrs. Bliss, was the virtual head of the house, during the brief occupancy which led up to the succession of Mr. Fillmore. Mrs. Fillmore was a well educated woman, a school teacher in her early life, of good mind, of charming manners, and a very fine looking person. Her daughter, however, represented her on all possible occasions, and in spite of her natural fitness for the duties of the place, certain all-controlling influences precluded her personal participation in festivities of any degree. The same can be said of Mrs. Pierce, who, like Mrs. Fillmore, was the daughter of a clergyman, and like her was well endowed. She was a careful and studious reader, thoroughly well posted in affairs, much interested in the progress of art and science, and a charming conversationalist. The death of her child infused a tone of melancholy and pensiveness into her thoughts and habits, so that, although in every respect a womanly person, an attractive individual, she added nothing, it may be said without offence, to the interest of society in the national capital.

Then came Buchanan.

Buchanan was a bachelor, and he took with him as chief of his domesticity his niece, Harriet Lane, a superb personality of an unusual style of beauty. She had a distinguished air, a perfect manner and a natural dignity which was significant, although never offensive in its assertions. Receptions, parties, dinners, entertainments of every social nature were the order of the day, and the night, during her incumbency. Many a gallant laid his heart and fortune at her feet, foreign diplomats galore hovered about her as gilded-winged insects hover about an uplifted electric light. Without the austere ceremonial that obtained during the days of Washington, Adams and Monroe, there was, nevertheless, a very marked and distinct emphasis laid upon the extremest recognition of propriety during Buchanan's term. Nei-

ing was left undone, nothing more could be desired. The social conduct during those pregnant four years was not only admirable, but superb. Pyrotechnic at times in its affluence, it was always curbed and trimmed, and carefully guarded, so that no whisper of offence, no innuendo of impropriety, could have legitimate birth.

Harriet Lane was an honor to the White House, an ornament to society, a credit to American womanhood.

From that hour on, until the time of Chester A. Arthur, the ladies of the White House came from a different stratum of social life. Mrs. Johnson, for instance, shared the apprentice life of her husband, Andrew, who, to be sure, had learned at night by his tallow dip to read, but who was indebted to the good woman he had taken, for better or worse, for his lessons in writing. The terrible bereavement of the nation in Lincoln's death brought Johnson to the White House, but his good wife undertook none of the duties of the place. Her health unsuited her, even if she had been otherwise fitted, so that upon Mrs. Paterson and Mrs. Stover, her daughters, fell the burden, and it was a burden of conducting such little social life as the perturbed condition of affairs in the nation at large, and of Washington in particular, permitted.

Grant the soldier became Grant the president.

Neither he nor his family had lived in ease, pecuniary or social, prior to the civil war, and the tremendous, wide-spread exactions of military life in no sense fitted him or them for pre-eminence in this particular field. Mrs. Hayes was a very beautiful and well educated woman, of marked refinement, of sincere purpose and some extended social experience, in many respects a marked improvement on some who had preceded her and a worthy sister to others. Of Mrs. Garfield nothing can be said, as she occupied the White House but a few brief weeks. It may be doubted if ever an administration was more graciously administered than that of President Arthur, a gentleman of great native dignity, of keen sensibility, whose sister, Mrs. McElroy, he being a widower, endeavored, with entire appreciation of his desire, and with abundant qualification, to make the White House as it should be, the home of the president of the United States, notable in its generous dispensation not only of bounty, but of sociability.

Into this odd place came Mrs. Lincoln.

In every home of this great country pictures of Mrs. Grover Cleveland have found their way. From the point of every pen we learn that she is beautiful, graceful, accomplished. Her outgoing and incomings are pictured before us in a thousand newspapers every day. Magazines print stories of her life, great metropolitan journals keep reporters dogging every foot step that it may be known what flower is crushed by the beauty's heel. Her hair is a text for sonnets, her eyes stimulate poets to frenzy, her married life is a theme on which paragraphers and column writers delight to dwell, and the world of fashion prostrates itself in her imperial presence.

In other words history repeats itself.

How so?

Why, when Mary Todd Lincoln, the country born wife of Abraham Lincoln, the rail splitter, the Illinois bred companion of the briefless lawyer, the honored head of the family and mother of the children of the politician who had grown into the statesman, the statesman who had been placed by the will of the people at the head of the nation, with a train of unaccustomed, ill-suited, queerly acting people went into the White House, poets were just as enthusiastic, paragraphers were just as active, column writers were just as diffuse, reporters just as ubiquitous, magazines just as toadyistic over her hair, her eyes, her outgoing, her incomings, her superbities in

general, and her magnificence in particular, as they are, in Cleveland's term, over the personalities of his fair wife. Almost immediately as the ball began to roll, corruption of men in high places disclosed itself. The political history of the United States was turning on the hinge. Shall it be peace or war, secession or union? Hypocrites of every name flocked to the national capital, the ravens and vultures of trade and speculation, foreseeing the inevitable banquet, joined the wild crusade.

Lincoln was unapproachable.

How about the White House? was the cry among the corrupt, the rascally, the wily, the diplomatic. Neither Mr. Lincoln nor any member of his family knew much of Washington. They were utterly unacquainted with the people of the district. They came there socially uninformed. Heaven knows the master of the house bore on his broad shoulders a burden greater than any other man ever undertook to carry. But the family and their friends, some honest and earnest, others hypocritical and full of plans and projects, were made a target, and the bull's-eye was often struck. Gossip passed from town to town, newspaper offices were bombarded with stories of extreme scandal, and when the gun was fired at Sumter, whose report belted the world with the announcement that secession was not only in the air, but on foot and on horseback, a vast panorama of possible plunder unrolled itself before the eager eyes of avarice and desire.

Without entering at all upon any discussion of the White House and developments during the ensuing four years, it is necessary for a complete and well-rounded understanding of the political situation to say, that while Mr. Lincoln, whose great hand and wonderful heart were torn with conflicting emotions pertinent to the situation political, he had no time to attend to affairs socially.

In the first place he cared nothing about social life.

He knew nothing of it.

He had greater things to think of, and as his previous training had taught him nothing in that respect, so the previous training of his family had taught them nothing. The children were young, and Mrs. Lincoln, with her sisters, her cousins and her aunts, came like the coming of an unexpected flash of lightning into fields of which they were as ignorant as it is possible to conceive. I find much that should palliate, much that should excuse, much that should shield Mrs. Lincoln and her associates from the charges made against them, in the fact that, while they unquestionably were bizarre, odd, uncouth, uninformed in what they did, they were ignorant of custom, and had neither the mental nor moral capacity to grasp the gravity of the situation; and further than that, if all that was said concerning them and their influence for this contractor, that merchant, the other diplomat, were true, and true a thousand fold more than it by any possibility could be, the great services rendered by the martyr president would be a stand-off so absolute and a blanket so complete that the charges and the memory of them should be relegated forever into merited obscurity.

The cabinet knew nothing of social affairs.

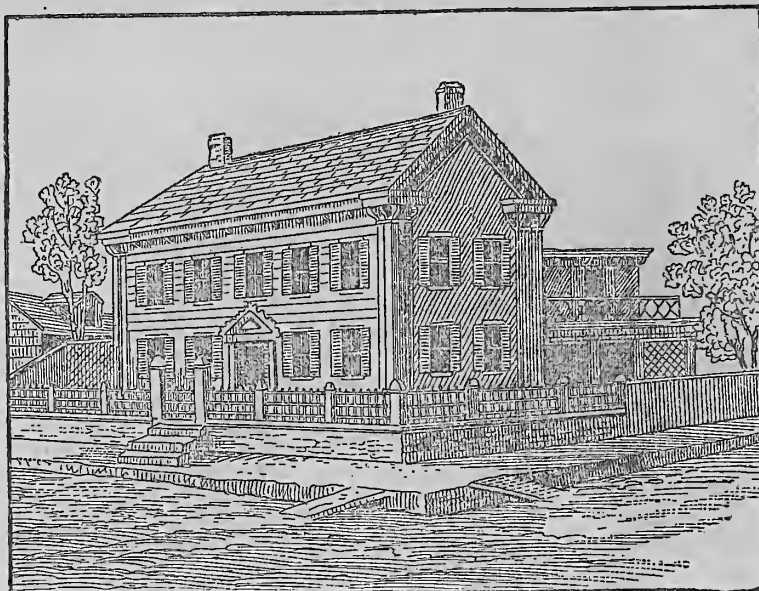
With the exception of Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase there was no member of the cabinet who brought to the administration anything beyond political success and partisan strength, so at the very outset Mr. Lincoln was crippled in what other presidents had found a very significant help, his social influence.

Such social influence as attended Mr. Lincoln's administration was dead against him.

The sentiment of the District of Columbia was Southern. The Southern people looked upon Mr. Lincoln not only as the concrete representative of all that was politics, but they affected to look down upon him socially as a mountebank, as an "orang-outang," as one whose grossness was almost grotesque, and whose personality and surroundings were beneath even their contempt.

A pretty rough road to hoe.

BOSTON GLOBE 7-2-1888



LINCOLN'S HOME AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

LINCOLN IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

His Wife a Worthy Helpmeet in Spite of Partisan Slanders. From Harper's Magazine.

Washington in 1861 was essentially Southern in all its ramifications. In politics and social life the capital was decidedly, even aggressively, pro-slavery. Under these conditions the occupancy of the White House by a "black Republican" President and his wife was a peculiarly hateful event to a large proportion of its society. Society was, in fact, torn up root and branch by the impending civil war; everything was chaos and had to be reorganized from the foundation.

It was under these adverse circumstances that Mrs. Lincoln became mistress of the White House. Every ingenuity of malice was resorted to to discredit the new regime. Both the President and his wife were mercilessly lampooned, and yet Mrs. Lincoln was the peer of any woman in Washington in education and character, as well as the "barren idealist" of birth. W. O. Stoddard, one of the private secretaries, and a keen observer in his little book, "Inside the White House in War Time," says that Mrs. Lincoln was prepared to assume a leading part. As her lieutenant in the official household, he noted that she was an authoritative mistress, but listened patiently to sensible representations, and often-times yielded her judgment; that her instructions were given in a kindly and vivacious manner; that she was a pleasant-looking woman—"bright, cheerful, almost merry" sometimes. The servants always spoke of her as "the madam." Says Stoddard: "As you look at her and talk with her the fact that she has so many enemies strikes you as one of the moral curiosities of this venomous time."

She dressed well, even extravagantly. In her little book, "Behind the Scenes," Mrs. Keckley, who was Mrs. Lincoln's dressmaker, speaks of having made fifteen dresses for her in three or four months. This authority says no queen could have comported herself with more dignity than Mrs. Lincoln at all public functions.

Yet this woman was stigmatized by a certain class of Washington society as low, vulgar, and even ignorant—without any qualifications for the high station to which she had been called.

The calumny which wounded her most deeply was her alleged sympathy with the rebellion, which had its sole foundation in the fact that her Kentucky half-brothers were Confederate, although she had held no intercourse with them since her childhood. It was said and believed that she hampered her husband in every possible way in the prosecution of the war. In self-protection she wished Mr. Stoddard to examine all her correspondence. It is certain that she loyally desired the success of her husband and the great cause he so ably directed. In a printed letter to Mrs. Keckley Mrs. Lincoln asserts positively that her sympathies were strongly with the North during the war and always. "I have never failed to urge my husband to be an extreme Republican." As Lincoln always consulted and relied upon her judgment, it is hardly probable he would have taken the advanced Republican ground against slavery in his house-divided-against-itself speech in 1858 without her approval, which strongly corroborates her claim.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MRS. LINCOLN.

(1889)

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

I FIRST saw Mrs. Lincoln in the Winter of 1861-'62, at the White House in Washington. Toward the close of a reception, when but few of us were left, she came and spoke awhile to my party, who were grouped in the Blue Room. The impressions I received of her then have always remained. She was very richly, but I can hardly say beautifully attired. The material of her dress was some thick and costly silk stuff, of a light tint—lilac, I think—with figures on a plain ground. It was made very *decolleté* as to the shoulders, bust, and arms; but she had a certain dimpled chubbiness as to these which justified the style. That portion of her skin visible was of a becoming whiteness. I remember admiring it audibly, and being jeered at for not detecting cosmetics. At all events, the charm of her face was not owing to cosmetics. It was a chubby, good-natured face. It was the face of a woman who enjoyed life, a good joke, good eating, fine clothes, and fine horses and carriages, and luxurious surroundings; but also the face of a woman

whose affectionate nature was predominant. You might safely take your oath that she would be fussy on occasion; but the clouds would not last long with her, and she would soon be laughing as heartily as ever. There is no doubt but that Mr. Lincoln found in her, despite her foibles and sometimes her puerileness, just what he needed, and that she was a most loyal wife and mother and a good woman.

It was her misfortune, not her fault, that she found herself in a situation for which her natural want of tact, and her deficiency in the sense of the fitness of things, and her blundering outspokenness, and impolitic disregard of diplomatic considerations unfitted her. Her blunders annoyed her husband, but made her not less dear to him. The domestic life of the White House was singularly open to the public view, and Mrs. Lincoln, in her inexperience, often made herself the butt of the malicious, the disappointed, the ill-natured. That her want of success socially was so glaring was owing in great measure to the peculiar position in which she was placed. It is true she did not appreciate these difficulties, and, by injudiciousness, she increased them, till they were not to be overcome. At that peculiar period (the beginning of the war) Washington thronged with Copperheads and with outspoken rebels, who, of course, could see no virtue in any of the belongings of a Republican President; and every imprudent act of Mrs. Lincoln, every one of her little foibles, all her little social faux pas and inexperience were pounced upon, exaggerated, and held up to public scorn by these vipers, as well as by every other man

and woman of a mean turn of mind who came to Washington to beg for something and was turned away empty-handed. Even the recipients of Mr. Lincoln's bounty, Northern Government employes, who were not treated quite as obsequiously by his wife as they thought they ought to be, to their shame be it said, salved their wounded vanity by taking up the hue and cry against her. It was Mrs. Lincoln's fate from the first to be pilloried by all the viler elements of society, as the wife of the first Republican President; and it was her misfortune that she was not fitted by Nature to bear herself sublimely in the pillory. She refused to pose as a martyr, and insisted on enjoying herself in her own way all she could. It would have been quite impossible, under any circumstances, for her to have satisfied the opposing factions of the day. Some of these people insisted that she should close the White House to every species of festivity or social observance (though, indeed, there was little enough of that sort of thing there, beyond the indispensable weekly receptions for everybody), clothe herself in black, and go out as a nurse among the hospitals. This they imagined to be the duty of a President's wife in time of civil war. Though she did not wear mourning till her own private misfortunes overtook her, yet she was very generous to the sick soldiers in camp and in the hospitals around Washington. I remember many of her involuntary and unsolicited deeds of kindness, and she visited the camps and hospitals frequently. But these were not the things which it suited the convenience of her defamers to have any cognizance of or to allow to go on record. I am ashamed that, to-day, nothing of Mary Lincoln's goodness of heart in this respect, nor of the sums spent by her and by Mr. Lincoln for the sick and suffering during the war is remembered or spoken of. When it was urged upon her that she must give at least one ball at the White House, to enliven the black gloom that had settled over Washington, and she consented, and the date was fixed, the disappointed birds of prey who hovered around her were enraptured because between the announcement and the night on which the ball took place a fatal battle intervened; and she was covered with scorn and contumely because, although an interval elapsed, she still allowed the original program to be carried out. I remember a burlesque poem, printed for private circulation, entitled "Mariar's Ball," the work of a Northern woman, claiming to be a lady, who was invited and went to the ball, and afterward circulated this piece of bitter vituperation of her hostess. Her conduct was imitated

by numerous others, who came away only to scoff and jeer. Beyond all question, it would have been better for Mrs. Lincoln to have refused to yield to the pressure brought to bear on her, and not to have given any ball, as the fact has always been used entirely to her injury; but she was not phenomenal for firmness.

She was very much given to wearing immense-sized flowers on her head at receptions—such a load of them as seemed to weigh her head down. The last time I ever saw her before affliction claimed her as its own, she wore one of those immense garlands trailing behind upon her chubby shoulders. She was just leaving the room where I was, and turned to reply to a remark from some one. She was in high good humor. Already she had acquired the waddling walk of a stout elderly lady, and, as she lifted her skirts, in going down a step or two, showed the roly-poly foot and ankle that go with such a gait with the unconcern of a woman past forty. As she passed out, I turned my attention to Willie Lincoln, who stood at the other end of the room, very erect, with his head thrown back and his hands in his pockets, replying to the questions of Miss Harris, daughter of Senator Harris, who was trying to draw him out. The younger Lincoln boys were homely, but intelligent in appearance. The way in which they were dressed were also homely. Willie had on a gray and very raggy suit of clothes, and his style was altogether different from that of the curled darlings of fashionable mothers; but there was a glow of intelligence and feeling on his face which made him peculiarly interesting and caused strangers to speak of him as a fine little fellow. It was about this time that, being one day in the office of the *Washington Republican*, the editor, Gen. Van Vleet, said to me "Would you like to have this?" and handed me a sheet of letter paper, on which, in a round, boyish hand, was written a poem of some four verses, of four lines each, in memory of the soldiers who fell in the battle of Ball's Bluff, I believe, signed by Willie Lincoln. It was a boyish effusion, only remarkable on account of the youth of the writer. It appeared in the *Republican* the next day, and I kept the MS. until the death of that dear boy—the pride of his father and the darling of his mother—desolated the White House, being the first of a long series of afflictions that have since befallen the Lincoln family. Then I sent it, with a few lines of sympathy, to his mother, to whom I knew it would then be inexpressibly dear. Immediately on its reception, though only a few days after his death, I was surprised to receive by a special messenger the largest and finest bouquet of flowers that the White House conservatory could furnish, with Mrs. Lincoln's thanks, saving what a com-

The last time I saw Mrs. Lincoln was at the Soldiers' Home, to which place I went one Summer day, on horseback, with a party. It was months after Willie's death; but she was in deep black and her affliction seemed as fresh as ever. She entered the room where I awaited her, evidently striving for some composure of manner; but, as I took the hand which she extended to me, she burst into a passion of tears and gave up all effort at self-control. For a moment my feeling of respect for the wife of the President was uppermost; then my sympathies for the bereaved mother got the better of conventionalities, and I put my arm around her and led her to a seat, saying everything I could think of to calm her; but she could neither think nor talk of anything but Willie. Poor, outspoken, impulsive, frank-hearted, and uncalculating woman. All her life before this had been sunshine. By nature and by habit, she was entirely unfitted for adversity, and henceforth her downward years were to know nothing but clouds. She had been accustomed from her girlhood to the guidance and protection of that kind, acute, and most fatherly of husbands. Left to herself a little later, she knew not how to act. Hence all the extravagances of her later years, which marked the workings of a mind shattered by the most piercing bereavements.

Little Tad Lincoln, the youngest child, hung around the door of the room where I last saw his mother, peering shyly in. At that period he was rather a grotesque looking little fellow, in his gray trap-door pants, made, in true country style, to button to a waist—and very baggy they were; but his face was bright and honest. Mr. Lincoln's two youngest boys, Willie and Taddy, resembled him strikingly.

Doubtless, the death of Thaddeus, some years ago, helped to fasten all Mrs. Lincoln's infirmities still more tenaciously upon her. He was his mother's companion, the only comfort she had left. Thus, when he died, she felt almost alone in the world. She had lost, in the most cruel manner, the best of husbands; and of her three sons the two youngest, to whom her mother's heart most naturally clung.

I think her extravagances of behavior, her hallucinations, her sufferings of mind and body have not met with that respect, that respectful silence and sympathy from the American Press and people, which the distinguished services of her husband to his country gave them a right to command. Her erratic behavior has been commented upon in a spirit which will not show well when all the events connected with her life have become history. I feel satisfied that in a few years Mrs. Lincoln will be thought of with the sincerest pity and that there will be a prevailing regret that the foibles and weaknesses of an unoffending woman, whose mind was shaken, as well it might be, by the sudden calamity which unhinged the whole nation, have not been less offensively dealt with.

Forty Years Ago and Today

As Mirrored in "The Evening Telegraph."

THE ANNALS of the White House contain no more affecting or pathetic chapter than that concerned with the fortunes of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. It is said of her that she was the only wife of a President who had declared in youth that she would occupy that position. A beautiful and high-spirited Kentucky girl, the daughter of Judge Robert S. Todd, the future Mrs. Lincoln spent her youth in the atmosphere of refinement and gaiety for which even in that day the Blue Grass region was notable. She was twenty years old, when, in 1842, she paid a visit to her sister, Mrs. Edwards, at Springfield, Illinois. In a round of social amusement she met Stephen A. Douglas, afterward United States Senator, and refused his quickly proffered suit, because, while he was brilliant and ambitious, her prophetic vision seemed to warn her that he was not to be President. Then appeared the man of fate, in the poor and uncouth country lawyer, Abraham Lincoln. As though endowed with second sight, and yet with a nervous shrinking, she finally accepted him, and they were married November 4, 1842.

THE EARLY DAYS of their married life seem to have been quietly happy. Her husband's reputation as a lawyer and public man grew year by year, and in 1847 he was elected a member of Congress. But Mrs. Lincoln was not yet ready to go to Washington, and remained in their Springfield home. It was not until thirteen years later, in June, 1860, that she began

to see the realization of her prophecy. While the Republican Convention was in session at Chicago, Lincoln sat in a newspaper office in Springfield to hear the returns. Finally they came with the announcement of his unanimous selection. He put the telegram in his pocket and started home, with the remark: "There is a little woman on Eighth street who has some interest in this matter." It was generally believed that the nomination in this case meant an election, but her gratified hope brought little consolation either to Mrs. Lincoln or her husband. She refused to entertain the delegates and office-seekers who came in hordes, and Lincoln was compelled to engage rooms at a hotel for the purpose. During the trip she made with her husband from Springfield to Washington, in February, 1865, as he went to his inaugural, there were constant threats of assassination, and this pall was never entirely lifted from the White House during the four troublous years of the war.

UNLIKE her husband, Mrs. Lincoln had enjoyed many social advantages in her youth, and those critics appear unfair who attribute her lack of success as a hostess entirely to inexperience. She seems to have still regarded herself as a youthful woman, and appeared at her first reception in gay raiment, which might have been more appropriate at the time of her marriage nearly twenty years before. She was not conciliatory, and social Washington, whose sympathies were naturally with the South, was soon bitterly estranged. That her tastes were naturally refined and delicate there are many evidences, but whether due to the hostile atmosphere or other causes, she came to be regarded as quite as eccentric as her husband was gawky. Her social fortune was thus sealed, and amid the alarms and perils of the war her eleven-year-old son fell ill, dying after a few days. Melancholy became her invariable companion from that time; it was said that she would never again enter the room where her son died or the Blue Room, where his body lay in its casket. Her last public appearance was made at the inaugural reception on the evening of March 4, 1865. She seemed to have regained cheerfulness, but it was short lived. On the afternoon of April 14, a few hours before his assassination, they took a last drive together through Washington and into the country. The President never seemed happier, she afterward said, and they talked over plans for a return to Springfield at the end of his second term. She was sitting by his side in the box at Ford's Theatre the same evening when Booth's fateful shot laid her husband low, and her inanimate form was borne with his across Tenth street to the house where he died. She lingered at the White House for five weeks after his death, and then mournfully returned to their old home at Springfield. All her subsequent conduct can only be viewed in the light of the shock from which she never recovered.

SIDELIGHTS ON LIFE OF LINCOLN

Former Bodyguard of Emancipator Tells Anecdote of Life at Capital.

HOW MRS. LINCOLN UPHELD HER POSITION.

Capt. John S. Barnes, who was the bodyguard of President Lincoln in his visit to Richmond upon its capture, throws some strange sidelights upon the home life of the emancipator, in an article in "Appleton's Magazine."

While he is restrained by delicacy from too frank a statement, much can be read between the lines to show that Mrs. Lincoln was determined to uphold her place as first lady of the land at any cost. Thus Capt. Barnes describes what happened at one review:

"There was some delay in starting, owing, it was said, to the unrecadiness of the ladies, but at last the cavalcade got off. Gen. Grant and Gen. Ord, riding on each side of the President, leading. The ambulance with Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant was to follow. Just as we left, Gen. Ord introduced me to his wife, who was also on horseback, saying, 'Captain, I put Mrs. Ord in charge of the navy'; so Mrs. Ord and I closed up the rear.

Was a Handsome Woman.

"She was a remarkably handsome woman and a most accomplished equestrienne, riding with extreme grace a spirited bay horse. Gen. Ord referred to the horsemanship of sailors, but added that Mrs. Ord would look out for me.

"There were probably twenty or thirty officers and a few orderlies in the party, all in their best uniforms, and as brilliant a squadron as could be expected from an army in the field. The President was in high spirits, laughing and chatting first to Gen. Grant and then to Gen. Ord as they rode forward through the woods and over the swamps on the rather intricate and tortuous approach to the pontoon bridge.

"The distance to Gen. Ord's encampment was about three or four miles. The President was dressed in a long-tailed black frock coat, not buttoned, black vest, low cut, with a considerable expanse of a rather rumpled shirt front, a black carelessly tied necktie, black trousers without straps, which, as he ambled along, gradually worked up uncomfortably and displayed some inches of white socks.

Rode Gentle Horse.

"Upon his head he wore a high silk hat, rather out of fashion, and innocent of a brush for many days, if ever it had been smoothed by one. He rode with some ease, however, with very long stirrup leathers, lengthened to their extreme to suit his extraordinarily long limbs. His horse was gentle, with an easy pacing, or single-foot, gait, and our progress was rapid, but owing to the

luncheon and delay in starting we reached the parade ground at a late hour.

"The division was under arms, drawn up in a wide field at parade rest, and had been so for several hours. After hurried conferences with the commanding officer, Gen. Ord reported to Gen. Grant, who referred to the President, with the statement that the soldiers' meal time was long past, and asked should the review be delayed to await the coming of Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant, not yet arrived—in fact, as it turned out, the ambulance under charge of Porter and Badeau had either missed the route or was entangled in the maze of the rough approaches to the pontoon.

Review Begins.

"Mr. Lincoln exclaimed against any further postponement, and in a few minutes the review commenced; the President, with Gen. Grant and Gen. Ord leading, proceeded to the right of the line and passed in front, the bands playing, colors dipping and the soldiers at present arms.

"Mrs. Ord asked me whether it was proper for her to accompany the cavalcade, now very numerous. I replied that I was ignorant of any army usages and ceremonies, but a staff officer to whom I referred the matter, said, 'Of course! Come along!' and gladly we fell in the rear and followed the reviewing column.

"Halfway down the line the ambulance with the ladies drove in upon the field. Seeing it, Mrs. Ord exclaimed: 'There come Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant. I think I had better join them.' Reining out of the crowd, we galloped across the field and drew up by the side of the wagon.

"Our reception was not cordial; it was evident that some unpleasantness had occurred. Porter and Badeau looked unhappy, and Mrs. Grant silent and embarrassed. It was a painful situation, from which the only escape was to retire. The review was over, and Mrs. Ord and myself with a few officers rode back to headquarters at City Point.

Summoned to President.

"After visiting the River Queen I retired early, rather tired with my unwonted horseback exercise; but about 11 o'clock I was awakened by the orderly with a message from the President saying that he would like to see me on the River Queen.

"I dressed as quickly as possible, repaired on board and found Mr. Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln awaiting me in the upper saloon. The President seemed weary and greatly distressed, with an expression of sadness that seemed the accentuation of the shadow of melancholy which at times so marked his features.

"He took little part in the conversation which ensued, which evidently followed some previous discussion with Mrs. Lincoln, who had objected very strenuously to the presence of other ladies at the review that day, and had thought that Mrs. Ord had been too prominent in it, that the troops were led to think that she was the wife of the President, who had distinguished her with too much attention.

"Mr. Lincoln very gently suggested that he had hardly remarked the presence of the lady, but Mrs. Lincoln was hardly to be pacified and appealed to me to support her views.

"Of course I could not umpire such a question, and could only state why Mrs. Ord and myself found ourselves in the reviewing column, and how immediately we withdrew from it upon the appearance of the ambulance with Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant."

May 1907

CONGER

BY E. J. EDWARDS.

AS TIME passes, the historic Lincoln slowly, but with ever-increasing clearness, begins to be apprehended. The perspective in which history will see him is now faintly recognized. The superficial and trivial aspects of his character, mere surface and incidental traits or habits, were, in his lifetime and for a generation after his death the subject of much that was written or said of him. Many men of ability and high cultivation who were of Lincoln's generation were unable to make explanation to themselves, when contemplating Lincoln's career, of the extraordinary and paradoxical diversities of his nature. He seemed to be two personalities, one flippant, often of undignified conduct and speech; the other the possessor of as tender a heart as any of which history has made record, allied to marvelous intellectual power and the mystic gift of the seer or prophet. Some men of his day were never wholly reconciled to the view those who were nearest Lincoln were compelled to take of his moral grandeur, intellectual supremacy, ineffable patience, capacity for enduring suffering without complaint, and of the supreme solitude in which he lived.

Lincoln's intimate companions were those known only to his inner nature, and he possessed to a degree surpassed by none of the world's great characters the sense of solitude. Genius has no intimates. The great soul can make no confession, except to its Maker, of its aspirations and inspirations.

That sense of Lincoln's solitude was at times powerfully impressed upon his associates in the national administration. One or two of them perceived that his saving grace of humor served to mask or shield the hermit solitude of his real life, or else to give momentary relief to it. Charles A. Dana, who was a keen and accurate observer of men, fathomed much sooner than did Dana's chief, Edwin M. Stanton, Lincoln's Secretary of War, the impulse that led Lincoln to turn in times of great stress to Petroleum V. Nasby's brilliantly humorous irony and read it in merriment as though the fate of the nation were not at issue.

On the evening of the presidential election of 1864, Lincoln went from the White House to the old War Office to hear any returns that might be there received. He sat upon a sofa in Stanton's office, making merry over one of Nasby's letters. The grim Secretary of War said to Mr. Dana: "I wish you would look at Lincoln, sitting on that sofa, roaring over Nasby's nonsense, while at this moment throughout the Union they are counting the votes to find out whether Lincoln has been reelected, or McClellan has beaten him. You wouldn't think it mattered the loss of a copper to him." But Dana knew better, and in after years he spoke to the writer of this incident.

To him there was infinite pathos that there should be need for Lincoln to seek relief from the tremendous strain of that day and from his high sense of that world moving responsibility imposed upon him, as he believed, by the Divine Ruler, and by those who would save the Union. Until late that night Lincoln was in solitary and solemn self-communion, and what was then whispered to him could not be translated, for it was not spoken to his soul in the language of men. Of that night of solitude one of Lincoln's truest friends, David Davis, had what he believed to be perfect proof.

Early in Lincoln's first administration he revealed himself to his Secretary of State, impressively and with his first understanding, as a man of supreme solitude. For when Seward admitted to the President at one of the first cabinet meetings a paper containing an offer to relieve Lincoln from the responsibility of conceiving and directing the policy of the administration, Lincoln replied with a tenderness of speech and without any resent-

ment by saying no more than this, namely, that he must alone decide and do what was necessary to be decided and done. And Seward then first caught a glimpse of this man. The Secretary of State then determined that he would thereafter give loyal, constant, unhesitating support to Lincoln, and to that pledge Seward was faithful.

An anecdote related to Gen. Thomas L. James at the time he was Postmaster General in Garfield's cabinet illustrates the supreme solitude of Lincoln. A member of the Senate committee on the conduct of the war in Lincoln's first administration said to Gen. James that as time passed the world would have clearer understanding of Lincoln's solitude, and the senator went on to say that his first understanding of Lincoln as a man of solitude was upon an occasion when the senator was serving as a member of the

Senate committee on the conduct of the war.

"You doubtless remember," said the senator to Gen. James, "that during a crucial period of the war many malicious stories were in circulation, based upon the suspicion that Mrs. Lincoln was in sympathy with the Confederacy. These reports were inspired by the fact that some of Mrs. Lincoln's relatives were in the Confederate service. At last reports that were more than vague gossip were brought to the attention of some of my colleagues in the Senate. They made specific accusation that Mrs. Lincoln was giving important information to secret agents of the Confederacy. These reports were laid before my committee and the committee thought it an imperative duty to investigate them, although it was the most embarrassing and painful task imposed upon us.

"I had, of course, often met President Lincoln at the White House and been impressed by his command over himself and by the sense of authority and strength which he imparted to all who were in touch with him on matters of public business. I never saw the patient, anxious and wearied expression which some of my associates now and then noticed, but I did see and hear some of the unconventional ways and speech, of which the public heard so much.

"One morning our committee purposed taking up the reports that imputed disloyalty to Mrs. Lincoln. The sessions of the committee were necessarily secret. We had just been called to order by the chairman, when the officer stationed at the committee room door opened it and came in with a half-frightened, half-embarrassed expression on his face. Before he had opportunity to make explanation, we understood the reason for his excitement, and were ourselves almost overwhelmed by astonishment. For foot of the table, standing solitary, with in his hand, his tall form towering above the committee members, Abraham Lincoln stood. Had he come by some incantation, thus appearing of a sudden before us unannounced, we could not have been more astounded.

"The pathos that was written upon Lincoln's face, the almost unhuman sadness that was in his eyes as he looked upon us, and above all an indescribable sense of his complete isolation—the sad solitude which is inherent in all true grandeur of character and intellect—all this revealed Lincoln to me, and I think to every member of the committee, in the finer, subtler light whose illumination faintly set forth the fundamental nature of this man. No one spoke, for none knew what to say. The President had not been asked to come before the committee, nor was it suspected that he had information that we were to investigate the reports, which, if true, fastened treason upon his family in the White House.

"At last Lincoln spoke, slowly, with infinite sorrow in his tone, and he said:

"I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, appear of my own volition before this committee of the Senate to say that I, of my own knowledge, know that it is untrue that any of my family hold treasonable communication with the enemy."

"Having said that, Lincoln went away,

as silently and solitary as he came. We sat for some moments speechless. Then by tacit agreement, no word being spoken, the committee dropped all consideration of the rumors that the wife of the President was betraying the Union. We had seen Abraham Lincoln in the solemn and isolated majesty of his real nature. We were so greatly affected that the committee adjourned for the day."

While speaking of Lincoln, nearly twenty years after Lincoln's death, Judge Davis said that as time passed he more and more realized what during his intimate association with Lincoln he did not perceive, namely, that it was the unconscious and unreasoned recognition of the deeper and the real character of Lincoln that gave him his unquestioned leadership among the plain people. They penetrated beyond the mask and shield with which Lincoln protected his solitude of mind and soul. The plain people did this with keener, surer insight than that of many with whom he was brought into professional association.

So acute a man as Edwin M. Stanton was had not the slightest understanding of Lincoln, until after Stanton served under Lincoln as Secretary of War. And it was Judge Davis' opinion that in no way did Lincoln reveal his supreme ability as a leader as well as his moral greatness better than when he named Stanton for Secretary of War, not permitting the sad recollection of the snub and sneer with which Stanton had once received him as associate counsel to affect his judgment of Stanton's ability.

And when Lincoln selected McClellan for the commander of the army of the Potomac, Judge Davis recalled the brusque and arbitrary treatment of Lincoln by McClellan a few years earlier, for Judge Davis had personal knowledge

of that incident. Then Lincoln was esteemed as no more than a prairie lawyer, while McClellan had already gained national reputation as the engineer who constructed a bridge over the Mississippi.

These and others who were numbered among the able men of that day were partly blinded to the fundamental moral and mental greatness of Lincoln, for his solitude concealed it, but the plain people had clearer vision. And that, Judge Davis said, has been true of all the leaders truly great since history was first written.

Gilbert Finch is now spending the years of his old age in comfortable retirement at his boyhood home in Connecticut. He was for nearly 50 years a conductor on the Chicago and Alton Railroad. Many times Lincoln was a passenger on Mr. Finch's train. A cordial acquaintance was established between them. So also Mr. Finch carried Stephen A. Douglas and Lyman Trumbull and Norman Judd and David Davis and others of the group of brilliant Illinois politicians of Lincoln's day.

Mr. Finch, who now frequently relates to his friends something of the personality of these men, all of whom except Lincoln are almost forgotten, recently said:

"Lincoln was the most folksy of any of them. He put on no airs. He did not hold himself distant from any man. But there was something about him which we plain people couldn't explain that made us stand a little in awe of him. I now know what it was, but didn't then. It was because he was a greater man than any other one we had ever seen. You could get near him in a sort of neighborly way, as though you had always known him, but there was something tremendous between you and him all the time. I have eaten with him many times at the railroad eating houses, and you get very neighborly if you eat together in a railroad restaurant, at least we did in those days. Everybody tried to get as near Lincoln as possible when he was eating, because he was such good company, but we always looked at him with a kind of wonder. We couldn't exactly make him out. Sometimes I would see what looked like dreadful loneliness in his look, and I used to wonder what

he was thinking about. Whatever it was he was thinking all alone. It wasn't a solemn look, like Stephen A. Douglas sometimes had. Douglas sometimes made me think of an owl. He used to stare at you with his great dark eyes in a way that almost frightened you. Lincoln never frightened anybody. No one was afraid of him, but there was something about him that made plain folks feel toward him a good deal as a child feels toward his father, because you know every child looks upon his father as a wonderful man."

Gilbert Finch, the veteran of the Chicago and Alton Railroad, is after his years of varied experience in Illinois, still one of the plain people.

When Lincoln went to New York city to deliver the now traditional Cooper Union address on Washington's birthday, 1860, Cephas Brainerd, one of the foremost lawyers of New York and in 1860 a member of the so-called Young Republican Association, was chairman of the committee appointed to receive and entertain Lincoln. It was Lincoln's expectation that the address would be delivered in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, but the plans were altered.

At that time it was the expectation of the Republicans of New York that William H. Seward would be nominated for President by the convention which

was to meet at Chicago in the spring of 1860 and that Abraham Lincoln would be nominated for Vice President.

Lincoln, in his debates with Stephen A. Douglas in 1858, gained the first recognition by the Republicans of the East. It was therefore partly due to the expectation that Lincoln would be named for Vice President with Seward as candidate for President, and in part to the echoes of the renown Lincoln had gained in the West in the series of joint debates with Douglas, that Lincoln's visit to New York by invitation to speak on the moral and political issues of the time was deemed the political event of that winter. It was expected that his speech, or lecture, as Lincoln called it, would in some measure open the Republican national campaign, yet, there was a half expectation that the great men of New York would be disappointed, and that it might be discovered that what passed for great public speaking on the prairies of Illinois would not meet the high standard established in New York by William M. Evarts and William H. Seward.

Mr. Brainerd discovered while giving courteous and cordial reception to Lincoln some hint of that inner and fundamental quality of Lincoln's nature. The unconventional manner did not conceal the sublime dignity that lay behind it. Mr. Lincoln met an old acquaintance while Mr. Brainerd was escorting him through Wall street. Mr. Lincoln was in high good spirits. He asked his old friend how he had done since he had entered Wall street to make a fortune, and was told that the fortune had at last reached \$100,000.

"Isn't that enough?" Mr. Lincoln asked. "I should call myself a rich man if I had that much. I've got my house at Springfield and about \$3,000. And if they make me Vice President with Seward, as some say they will, I expect to save enough to make me feel comfortable the rest of my life."

Lincoln said that in sincerity, and Mr. Brainerd wondered how it could be that a man who was successful enough to be thought worthy to be made Vice President with Seward could look upon so small a sum as sufficient fortune.

An hour later Mr. Lincoln met with each one of the supreme tests of character—namely, that which children make. He was invited to visit the Five Points Mission. That had been established in the sludges and misery of the wickedest district in New York. Foulness and cruelty abode there, and the only bright and hope-giving spot in that corroded corner was the mission.

Here little ones were gathered out of misery and were comforted and protected.

Lincoln stood before them, his face aglow with sympathy, and kindly sympathy, and they knew him for a friend. When he spoke, they heard a familiar voice, like that of a friend who had been kind and had won their confidence. It was confidence these children bestowed upon this man whose face lighted up with something like heavenly illumination, as it appeared to Mr. Brainerd.

The children gathered around Lincoln, and some offered little caresses, and he was greatly touched thereby. When the visit ended Lincoln said to his companion: "I have now a better understanding than ever before of what the Saviour meant when he said, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

From that instant winning of the friendship these little ones bestowed upon him Lincoln went to his hotel to prepare for the severely critical test that was to be made of him that evening by the foremost intellects of New York, yet he showed no concern. Mr. Brainerd wondered whether or not Lincoln realized that the standard by which New York would measure him that evening was very high and that he must stand or fall by the measurement. Lincoln had spoken of the address to no one except Horace Greeley, and to him simply to arrange for the publication of the speech from the manuscript in the Tribune next morning, and further to inquire at what hour he could call at the Tribune office to look at the proof slips.

Some who were with Lincoln at the hotel and who were to share in the escort of him to Cooper Union were astonished that he should be without anxiety and free from nervous apprehension. Had he been about to take a pleasure excursion he could not have been less concerned.

A few moments before Lincoln was introduced to the Cooper Union audience, which was representative of the highest intellectual power in New York, Mr. Brainerd observed a slight and very subtle change in Lincoln's manner. There came a prophet-like serenity. The superficial attitude was gone. It had been thrown off like a cloak, and there was not one in that great audience who did not on the instant find himself in the presence of a master mind and a great soul.

The penetrating eyes of the leaders of the American bar, some of whom were to be spokesmen for Seward at the national convention, were fixed steadily upon Lincoln. The great lawyers seemed so fascinated by the prairie lawyer that it was impossible for them to take their eyes off him.

The perfect rhetorical form of the address, the crystalline clearness of the verbal expression, the lack of sentimental appeal or of cheap rhetorical flourish, the steady appeal of reason to the intellect, and the supreme art of speaking, which is the art of persuading and convincing, and a solemnity of manner and utterance which with overwhelming force conveyed the sense of the tremendous issues involved—namely, that the nation could not endure half slave, half free—all this demonstrated to the men of New York who then heard Lincoln that the standard they had fixed was too slender and slight a standard by which to measure Lincoln, and that he had established another standard beyond the capacity of any man of New York to measure up to. Throughout the address there were glimpses of the immense solitude in which this man lived.

The manuscript of the Cooper Union address was tossed into the Tribune's composing room waste-paper bin after the proof-slips had been read and revised. A half hour before midnight Lincoln called at the Tribune office and was shown to the little room where the proof-readers scrutinized the galley proofs. The proofreader who was comparing the proofs with Lincoln's manuscript was the late Amos J. Cummings, who afterward

represented a New York city district in Congress for several terms. Lincoln drew a chair beside Cummings, adjusted his glasses, and under the glare of the gas light, read each proof with scrupulous care. Never before had he opportunity to witness the throbbing life of a great newspaper at the hour when the tension is most tense—the hour before the presses begin to whirl with fierce energy.

But the animation, the hurried steps, clanging of the forms, the vizzed mpositors clicking the type in their imposing sticks, and the vast, orderly infusion of midnight in the composing om of a great newspaper did not distract or in any way interest Lincoln.

His manner was that of a man accustomed to these midnight sights and sounds.

When the proofs were read and corrected, revised proofs were prepared for him, and these he read with care. After that he said a pleasant word or two to Mr. Cummings, and then went away unescorted through Printing House Square, and across City Hall Park to the Astor House.

In another place some of the great intellects that heard Lincoln speak that night were confiding to one another the sense of marvelous intellectual power with which this address impressed them. Mr. Evarts invited a few friends to go with him to his house at Fourteenth street and Second avenue, a short distance from Cooper Union. They were among the elect of New York's intellect, and they talked with one another until long past midnight of the serene intellectual grandeur of which the address gave competent evidence.

There was always eager curiosity to learn how and when Lincoln prepared this address, but that curiosity was never gratified. The solitude of Lincoln when in the presence of great opportunity and responsibility was the isolation in which he lived when preparing the Cooper Union address. So far as is known he consulted no one, when preparing it, nor did he read it in whole or in part to any one before he spoke upon the Cooper Union platform.

David Davis, Lincoln's early and lifelong friend, whom Lincoln nominated for justice of the United States Supreme Court, said to the present writer that aside from the statement Lincoln made to his Illinois friends that he had accepted an invitation to speak to the Republicans of New York city, he made no other allusion to the address.

He did say to Judge Davis, by way of explaining the invitation, that some one in New York had learned that it was his intention to pay a visit to his son, who was a student at Harvard, some time in February. To this Lincoln said he owed the invitation to stop over in New York, so that the Republicans of that city might hear what he had to say upon the issues the people were then facing.

The suspicion was aroused that, impelled by his supreme instinct for great politics, Lincoln determined to find a way by which he might, without seeming to volunteer, speak to the Republicans of the East. Excepting in the campaign of 1848, when Lincoln was an obscure member of Congress, he had never visited the Eastern States. In that campaign he spoke at Worcester, Mass. David Davis was always convinced that the contemplated speech was the inspiration for his visit to Harvard.

Lincoln had no other material for the preparation of the Cooper Union address than the reports of the proceedings and debates in the convention that framed the Constitution of the United States, several of the speeches of Webster, and two or three of the decisions written by Chief Justice Marshall of the Supreme Court. These he must have absorbed by prolonged and intense study,

although no one knew that he was thus occupied. He was in perfect mental solitude. His companions were these few books and his thoughts. In that isolation he prepared the address by which he conquered the intellect of New York.

In this solitude all of his addresses were prepared, and he made confidants of no one excepting in two instances. The emancipation proclamation was read to his cabinet, not for approval or disapproval, but only for suggestions for verbal changes. One change, counseled by the Secretary of the Treasury, Judge Chase, was accepted by Lincoln.

Four years earlier he confided to some of his friends a portion of his speech prepared for delivery in the Illinois campaign for the election of a successor to Stephen A. Douglas in the Federal Senate. Lincoln was the candidate of the Republicans, Douglas of the Democracy.

The friends counseled Lincoln against delivering the portion of the speech which he repeated to them, saying, "It will defeat you and reelect Douglas to the Senate."

And Lincoln replied: "Yes. But if Douglas takes that shoot, he can never be elected President." And it was as Lincoln predicted. Douglas was reelected senator, but he took the "shoot" in replying to Lincoln, and thereby split the national Democracy. No one knew that Lincoln had prepared the now traditional Chicago speech, beginning, "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

In his solitude Lincoln wrote that sentence, and no man heard it until it was delivered. Yet if he were then nursing ambition to be President, he risked it upon that speech.

Judge Davis spoke of the two inaugural addresses; that with which Lincoln began his first, and the brief and beautiful words spoken at the second inauguration. Lincoln must have written the first inaugural address at odd moments in the early winter of 1861. Yet few leisure moments were permitted him. Many politicians visited him at Springfield, and came away, as the late Judge Kelley, of Pennsylvania did, in much perplexity and anxiety. Judge Kelley took life and his long service in Congress very seriously, and when the President-elect turned the visit of Judge Kelley into something like boys' play, for he asked the judge to measure height with him, standing back to back, the Pennsylvania Republican wondered what manner of man this prairie lawyer was, and whether he was to take the horseplay of the prairies into the White House.

Years afterward Judge Kelley said to the writer: "I now understand what then seemed to me an amazingly undignified performance for a man who was to be President in a few months. Lincoln in this way threw me off. He did not want to talk politics with any one, for he was in perfect communion with himself."

In the choice of his cabinet Lincoln was relieved of embarrassment by deciding to invite each one of those who had received a considerable vote for nomination for the Presidency at the Chicago convention. Seward, he was to name Secretary of State; Chase, Secretary of the Treasury; Judge Bates, Attorney General, and Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, in recognition of the vital support Pennsylvania gave Lincoln's candidacy at the very critical moment of the convention. Thus the cabinet almost formed itself, although first formed mentally by Lincoln. But Lincoln was much occupied for some weeks in inducing Seward to accept the offer of the State Department.

With the exception of formal and perfunctory communications, which may have been prepared by a secretary, all of Lincoln's correspondence at that time was written by himself, and must have required several hours each day. These letters of the winter of 1861 are good evidence of the perfect mental solitude in which Lincoln dwelt in those momentous months. Not one of them discloses what was in his mind. He wrote to be informed of men and of situations, but he gave no hint of his reason for wishing the information. There is stupendous solitude behind them.

Yet at some time between January and mid-February, 1861, Lincoln prepared the inaugural address. No one knows when. None can tell, although possibly the late John Hay could have done so, what hours he set apart for the writing of it. The exquisite beauty and perfect dignity of the language used, the kindness tempered with sadness that ran through the address, the fundamental thought, solemn and defiant, giving warning that the duty, namely, to preserve the Union, was his highest obligation under his oath of office—these came from that solitude in

which the address was prepared. That, at least, was the view of Judge Davis.

So, too, the second inaugural, with its matchless prose, its pathos and glowing hope of a speedily restored Union, was conceived in solitude, penned with no eye to see or ear to hear. It was presumed that the brief Gettysburg oration would become the classic American utterance, and that Lincoln in it had mastered the supreme art wherein prose is greater than any poetry. Yet one passage in the second inaugural is esteemed worthy to stand engraved beside the few words spoken on the Gettysburg battlefield.

Various versions of the preparations of the Gettysburg address have been given. Although these versions differ in narrating the time and manner of writing the address, yet all are in agreement upon the important and characteristic points. Whether Lincoln wrote the address in a railway train while on the way to Gettysburg, or penned it in the White House on the morning of that dedicatory day, or spent some part of the evening before in preparing it, is of little interest. Wherever he composed it, whenever he put it upon paper, it was conceived and perfected in solitude. He read no famed funeral oration that he might get inspiration. He consulted no books. The English of the Bible and of Shakespeare had been absorbed by him, so that he spoke and thought in it, and this was his vehicle of expression. He told no one any secret of the composition. Many inquiries were made. He was content to let the address give the only answer. And, as was said of Shakespeare, so it might be said of Lincoln:

Others abide our question. Thou art free.

We ask and ask—Thou smilest and are still.

Edward McPherson, member of Congress from the Gettysburg district, said to the writer that Lincoln rode with him from Washington to Gettysburg on the morning of the dedication day. At some time on the trip Mr. Lincoln took a sheet of note paper from his pocket, and resting that upon his knee, pencilled a few lines upon it. From this paper Lincoln read the address, for Mr. McPherson recognized the sheet of paper.

But if Mr. McPherson's memory accurately recalled the circumstance, yet Lincoln was merely putting upon paper what he had already written mentally. That was a mere clerical matter. The immortal oration was written in solitude.

Lincoln rarely made any allusion to the time or the place of writing, and he never spoke of the inspiration that was behind any of his addresses. It is probable he could have done so only in the vaguest way. For solitude like that with which he was encompassed is not to be interpreted by any words. It is beyond language.

WIFE SOUTH IN WAR

Mrs. Lincoln Heard First
News of Secession When
in Alabama.

ANNISTON, Ala., Feb. 12.—Appropos the Lincoln centenary the fact that Mrs. Lincoln was in Alabama at the time the war between the states was begun probably will be an item of interest. An old citizen said today:

"I was in Selma, Ala., in December of 1860. I believe it was when the news of the secession of South Carolina was received. There was a great celebration there on receipt of the news and numerous cannon shots were fired across the river.

"I do not know whether Mrs. Lincoln was there at that time, but when we returned we again stopped at the Gee house, in January, 1861, and while there Mrs. Lincoln and her sister, Miss Todd, were pointed out to me by Mr. William Randolph, a brother of Judge G. B. Randolph of this city. She was a tall, stately woman, and was the center of attraction at the hotel."

Madison, Wisconsin, April 3, 1933.

Mr. Henry B. Rankin,
Springfield,
Illinois.

My dear Mr. Rankin:

I feel guilty in not sooner acknowledging receipt of material you sent me some time ago, but the fact is I have been so busy with my professional work that I have had but little time for personal matters. I spent a delightful summer and fall in Europe, and was graciously received by Lord Charnwood while I was in London. I spent an afternoon at his home, and he showed me many courtesies during my stay in England. He particularly wanted to be remembered to you, and mentioned you with appreciation several times.

My immediate purpose in writing you today is to call your attention to a chapter in Mary Clemmer Ames' "Ten Years in Washington", in which she describes Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. As I remember it, your recollection and description of Mrs. Lincoln was quite the reverse of that portrayed by Mrs. Ames. I would like very much to get your reaction on this chapter. It will be appreciated.

Any courtesy shown me in this respect would be appreciated. With kind personal regards and best wishes for your continued health, believe me

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) Geo. P. Hambrecht,
Director
State Board of Vocational Education

Address

Mr. Geo. P. Hambrecht,
State Capitol,
Madison, Wisconsin.

HENRY B. RANKIN
510 South Second Street
Springfield, Illinois.

April 16th, 1923.

My dear Mr. Hambrecht:

It would be a longer piece of work, and one unworthy the effort it would require of me, to give the Mary Clemmer Ames chapter its full, or even a partially satisfactory sifting and answer. In the files of our Historical Library, and no doubt in the files of most other large libraries, more bitter attacks on the character of Abraham Lincoln are made than this one is of Mrs. Lincoln,- both equally false and unsupported by any authentic facts. Opinions, with no citations of records to support them is not History - Ames chapter is a "nice" piece of fiction.

My book represents Mrs. Lincoln as I knew her life in Springfield. It tells some of the story of the help she was to her husband and sums up in one sentence that without Mary Todd as his wife Abraham Lincoln would never been President. She was ambitious, forceful, impulsive, always when here determined to make the most of Lincoln. She succeeded, where most any other woman,- yes, any other woman I ever knew would failed. She loved him with an intensity of devotion that amounted to worship, and when he was shot beside her and his life blood flowed over here dress her reason tottered, her all was gone. That she was irresponsible for many of her acts after the tragedy I have no doubt. Dr. Barton found in Chicago the record on file of the jury who pronounced her insane. The Ames Chapter is in line with the Copperhead press that hounded Lincoln and his wife until Lincoln's death and then double-fired on Mrs. Lincoln.

Sincerely yours,

Henry B. Rankin.

NOTE: Mr. H. B. Rankin is one of the few present day survivors who knew Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln intimately and personally at Springfield. Mr. Rankin studied law in the Lincoln and Herndon office for four years prior to Lincoln's election to the presidency, - was personally and well acquainted with both Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and knew their family relations more intimately than most Springfield residents during the later fifties.

Geo. P. Hambrecht.

Madison, Wisconsin, April 18, 1923.

Mr. Henry B. Rankin,
510 South Street,
Springfield, Illinois.

My dear Mr. Rankin:

I certainly appreciated your splendid letter of April 16, commenting on the Mary Clemmer Ames' chapter in "My Ten Years in Washington". I had no doubt in my own mind as to the real facts, but I wanted to receive a comment from you which I might file in this book. Your letter is splendid, and worthy of you in every respect.

With very best personal regards, believe me

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) Geo. P. Hambrecht,
Director
State Board of Vocational Education.

Man Who Saved Wife of Lincoln Dies in Nebraska

— '28

ROYAL (Neb.) June 16. (Exclusive)—Credited with once rescuing the wife of Abraham Lincoln, Charles Johnston died here at the age of 96. Johnston also erected the first telegraph masts over the Missouri River at Omaha.

The rescue of Mrs. Lincoln occurred in Washington at the time of the battle of Gettysburg. Johnston and a companion were talking on a street corner, when a runaway team dashed by. In the carriage was Mrs. Lincoln. The coachman had been thrown from the seat when the vehicle hit a rough stretch of road and the team became frightened and started to run. Johnston stopped the team and received the thanks of the President's wife.

THE WIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS

Mary Todd, Who predicted she would be the wife of a president, and went to the White House with Abraham Lincoln.

By J. P. GLASS

When a telegram came to Springfield, Ill., in June, 1860, announcing to Abraham Lincoln that the republican convention in Chicago had nominated him for the presidency he did not forget Mrs. Lincoln in the excitement.

Stuffing the telegram in his pocket, he remarked that "there was a little woman in Eighth street who had some interest in the matter," and he strode off home to tell her the news.

And Mrs. Lincoln had the interest of a prophet as well as a wife in the event. Hadn't she always, even before she met Lincoln, prophesied that some day she would be wife of a president of the United States?

Washington society, always acutely interested in the wife of the president, awaited the coming of Mrs. Lincoln to the White House with anxiety. What sort of woman would she be? Fashionable ladies anticipated the worst, for Lincoln himself was simple, homely and uncouth.

At her first levee, March 9, 1861, she appeared in a rich pink moire-antique, with pearl ornaments, and with flowers in her hair and hands. She turned out to be "an elegant-looking lady, somewhat inclined to stoutness, but withal fine-looking and self-possessed." She was abundantly able to grace the station in which she was placed.

As a matter of fact she was a very superior woman. Her father, Robert

S. Todd, of Lexington, Ky., had been one of the leading citizens of his state. Mary Todd was well bred, well educated and had been a social leader. As a girl she had been pretty and vivacious, albeit a bit haughty. When, in 1837, she left Lexington to make her home with her married sisters, Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards, in Springfield, Ill., she became one of the belles of the Illinois community.

She was very ambitious. Perhaps that, as much as anything else, in-

fluenced her in marrying Abraham Lincoln. Undoubtedly she loved him, but, too, she perceived that he was destined for high places—the highest, she believed. It seems to be beyond dispute that she prophesied more than once that she would be the wife of the president of the United States. Friends have insisted, too, that she declared of Lincoln, "I mean to make him president."

She was but twenty-two when she went to Springfield and met Abra-



"Well,—it does Mary a great deal of good and does me no harm."

ham Lincoln. He was thirty-three and already had made his mark locally.

Her brother-in-law, Ninian Edwards, was a political friend of Lincoln. It is reasonable to suppose that Mary Todd got her first ideas of Lincoln's future from opinions expressed by Edwards.

She had many suitors, but she leaned toward Lincoln. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards protested. The young lawyer was of humble origin. He lacked polish and cared nothing for society. Could she, who had been brought up in a cultured home, be happy with him?

In the developments that followed, Miss Todd seems always to have been of one mind. Lincoln's carelessness of social forms was strongly impressed upon her on more than one occasion. On the other hand he found her jealous, exacting and hot tempered. But while he was irked by their frequent disagreements, and wished to break the engagement, she went steadily ahead with preparations for the wedding.

It is hard to understand that when Lincoln finally severed their relations Mary Todd remained faithful to him. One would have expected a woman of her temper to have been permanently aggrieved. She was not. In the end they were reunited and married.

Mrs. Lincoln loved power and show. "Honest Abe" was always for simplicity. It was inevitable that there should be domestic clashes.

Once in their Springfield home it is said that she angrily reproved her husband before a neighbor.

"Why don't you jaw back, Abe?" Lincoln was asked.

"Well," his reply is reported to have been, "it does Mary a great deal of good and does me no harm."

In the White House she overruled her husband on many matters.

Nevertheless they had a very happy family life. When he died from an assassin's bullet after being shot as he sat with her in a box at Ford's theatre she was so shattered that it was five weeks before she was able to leave the white house.

But in her grief she remembered that when the president's body was taken back to Springfield for burial the body of her older boy, Willie, who had died in 1862, would be left alone in Washington, and arranged that it be removed, too.

(Continued 1929)

The Christian Register Mrs. Lincoln Intercedes

The following story is based upon experiences related to the author by her uncle, who was well acquainted with President Lincoln, and an officer in the Federal Army

RISK, unfamiliar footsteps echoed through the wide corridors of the old house that all Eastville had boasted of for several generations, the "mansion" that rested its time-mellowed chimneys of red English brick against the soft arch of a mild midwinter sky. With the sudden coming of northern soldiers and the stationing of a group of their officers on the outskirts of the village, the great rooms of the beloved old mansion resounded with strange voices. Even the stables, where some of the swiftest horses of the "Old Dominion" had been luxuriously stalled, now sheltered a miscellaneous assortment of what the county folk termed "Yankee horseflesh" in place of the sleek, carefully groomed animals of a few short months ago.

Of the numerous slaves that had kept the mansion in far-famed hospitable order and beauty, only one, young Tobe, remained. The wife of the youngest officer had discovered him hiding in one of the dark smokehouses off at the end of the "Quarters"; had quieted the terror in his great black eyes; had brought him food and water, and had finally coaxed him to come fearlessly out of his hiding place as her own special servant. Not many persons could resist the young lieutenant's brown-eyed wife, Elizabeth, and Tobe, ignorant of the whereabouts of his master's family, afraid to venture alone beyond the safe shelter of the "mansion," capitulated in short order.

On a sunny afternoon, when the hint of spring breezed softly through the box-bordered walks of the old rose garden at the rear of the mansion, Elizabeth sat at the great mahogany secretary that stood in the library of the old house and wrote a letter home in her fine, carefully formed script:

Feb. '62.

Eastville,
Northampton Co.,
Va.

We are very pleasantly situated in a deserted mansion but with no acquaintances in the county—all being secessionists. We are, however, very happy, with quite enough society in the families of several of the officers who are here also.

In February, 1862, Eastville was merely a small village with an outlying group of scattered plantations which wandered far down the narrow peninsula that ends at Cape Charles. Rich in land and vegetation, separated from the mainland by the blue waters of the Chesapeake, the slaveholders had not dreamed that the fury of civil war would ever reach their sheltered homes. With the first steady tramp of marching feet sounding ominously in the distance, they had nearly all taken passage for western Virginia, knowing that once past Fortress Monroe safety was assured, temporarily, at least. Behind them lay their rich lands and well-filled larders, their homes that had been handed down from father to son for many prosperous decades—ahead of them, the eager welcome of hospitable friends and the steady advance of the enemy from the North.

Elizabeth was thinking of all this as she sat at the old secretary. She was smiling a bit sadly when her husband entered the room, his young face grave with sudden care. John had taken the war very seriously. It had meant to him separation from his family, all of whom he loved with intense devotion. In order to follow the way of duty and conviction he had been compelled to sever all connections with those he loved best and pledge his full allegiance to the preservation of the Union. Only his young wife, Elizabeth, with her firm Quaker convictions remained of those he loved, to encourage and comfort him.

"What troubles thee, dear John?" Elizabeth questioned softly, as she left her writing to sit on a low ottoman beside him.

The young lieutenant pushed back a wayward lock of light yellow hair, and smiled wistfully into his wife's brown eyes:

"It is the old hurt, my Betsy," he said slowly. "I cannot get used to the horrible plunder. This morning I saw—" His young voice broke and his wife laid her hand gently on his:

"I know, dear heart, what thee saw," she said heatedly. "Some of our men have been robbing the poor

country folk again. John, thee can do much to end this restlessness. Thee can see the President if thee will but try to."

The young officer shook his head: "I could not possibly get to him."

"Could not? There is no such hopeless thing. He is to be in Baltimore day after tomorrow, John. Thee could take passage on today's mail boat. It would be taking a long chance, my husband, but when has thee faltered at long chances?"

"I will go," the young lieutenant said gravely, "and somehow I will see Mr. Lincoln."

Among the group of soldiers and citizens who waited eagerly at old Light Street wharf for the first glimpse of the steamer that was bringing their President to them, a slender, blond young officer with eyes of keen, searching blue paced up and down the length of the landing, deep in earnest thought. It seemed to him, even now

that the shabby old bay steamer was in sight, as though his errand were impossible of fulfillment.

The boat swung slowly about, a cheer rang lustily on the winter air. Two figures pressed near the deck rail, and the young officer's courage leaped into sudden flame. The tall, gaunt figure, draped in the familiar old shawl, always set his heart singing silent hosannas of hope. He pushed forward eagerly. In the bustle of landing, of unloading the little boat, he slipped past the "committee" and made a swift dash up the brass-treaded stairs.

A great voice from above thundered at him, angrily; heavy hands pulled him roughly back. He pushed forward again, hot, disheveled, his cap gone, the print of huge grimy fingers plainly visible on his buff gauntlets. Two brass buttons flew unceremoniously off of his blue officer's coat. For a fleeting second he smiled, thinking of Betsy's pride in his usual immaculate appearance. Then as the captain's voice bellowed at him again, he ducked his head and made a straight dash for the second landing. A woman's voice broke in on the argument he was having with the captain.

"I am sure, Mr. Captain," the First Lady of the Land was saying briskly, "this young officer must have some important message to deliver. I wish you would permit him to pass at once." The captain and the mate turned reluctantly away, mumbling incoherent words into their long whiskers about "petticoat government" and other things of equally flattering nature, but Mrs. Lincoln smiled brightly into the young lieutenant's blue eyes.

"You wished to see the President?" she questioned.

The officer bowed low: "If you can arrange an audience for me, here, Mrs. Lincoln, I shall be indebted to you always, I assure you."

"You are indebted to me now, young man, for a whole skin and the privileges of freedom. Abraham," laying a detaining hand on the President's arm as he approached them, "this young officer has something so important to say to you that he has lost two of his treasured brass buttons and his fine blue cap, while ruining his dainty gauntlets in the effort. I beg of you to reward such positive devotion of purpose."

In the stuffy cabin, deserted now that the boat had docked and the captain had assured the impatient committeemen that the President was engaged in conference, the two men sat down beside a long table covered with moth-eaten green felt. At a gesture from the President, the young man launched eagerly into the heart of his story. A grim smile played about Mr. Lincoln's mouth—that generous, homely mouth that the world was slowly learning to love.

"That is a large order you are handing me, young man," he said at last, looking through the open door to the white-capped water of the harbor, and speaking in that war-weary voice that Edwin Stanton always declared meant "complete capitulation." "Just how do you expect me to keep a crowd of war-lusting men from plundering the enemy?"

The officer started to speak, but the President held

up a detaining hand: "My lad, I have been trying to teach that Christ-like lesson for many bitter months," the great shaggy head sank forward, until it rested on the tips of the President's long fingers, "and I have failed—singularly failed," the weary voice went on.

"If you would give me authority to report for court-martial," the young lieutenant urged, "all those wretched offenses. As it now is, the proceedings are countenanced as part of the rights of war. Oh, Mr. President, I cannot bear to see the poor folk about us hungry and impoverished, while our men bask in the very lap of luxury. It is not a game of war that we are playing, it is carnage—"

"War is carnage, my boy," the President's voice broke in firmly, "but we can make it a crime to plunder and deprive." The long hand reached out for the paper and pen that the young officer pushed toward him.

"We will not mince words, Lieutenant," the President said crisply. "I am giving you the right to arrest and imprison all plunderers, and furthermore this order declares that such depredations are to be reported directly to me by yourself in person. See that you honor my command to the full, young man, and remember in doing so, although you will incur hostility and jealousy and bitterness among your own ranks, you will be giving your President cause to thank his creator that there are still brave men in the field."

Two days later the young officer hurried up the winding path that led to the old mansion where his wife was waiting for him.

"I have the papers," he cried exultantly. "Mr. Lincoln was wonderful. Oh, Betsy, if you could have seen his face as he sat there in the cabin surrounded by shabby old red-plush furniture trying to keep his heart from breaking under the weight of war!"

"Thank God for such a President," the young wife said joyfully, "and for fearless men like thyself, my John."

E. G. R. Y.

* * *

In a letter to his wife written from Washington, March 3, 1861, Ezra Cornell, founder of Cornell University, describes a "levee in the parlor" of the White House given after Lincoln's inauguration, and says of Mrs. Lincoln: "She is a short, plump body of a woman, apparently from forty to forty-five, fresh, healthy look, and plain becoming attire. I like her appearance much better than I did Miss Lane, Mr. Buchanan's niece whose Old Maidship has presided at the White House the past four years." The description seems to coincide with that of Mary Lincoln in Ludwig's "Lincoln." Ludwig gives an account of her appearance at a reception shortly before the inauguration, "dressed plainly, but richly, wearing a beautiful train, white moire-antique, with a small French lace collar. Her headress was a simple one, a delicate vine arranged in good taste." The "beautiful full train" and the "delicate vine arranged with good taste" are rather mysterious. It was apparently not until after Mrs. Lincoln entered the White House that her clothes became really stylish—the necks cut so low and the trains so long, that Lincoln, when he first saw one of them, emitted a low whistle, and said, "Whew, what a long tail our cat has! It would look just as well if the head and tail were a little closer together. E. F. E."

April 2-1930
Boston Transcript

THE WIFE OF LINCOLN

DR. EVANS STUDIES HER

Complex Manias of Her White House Years And Later

MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, by W. A. Evans, M. D.; Alfred A. Knopf. 377 pp. \$3.50.

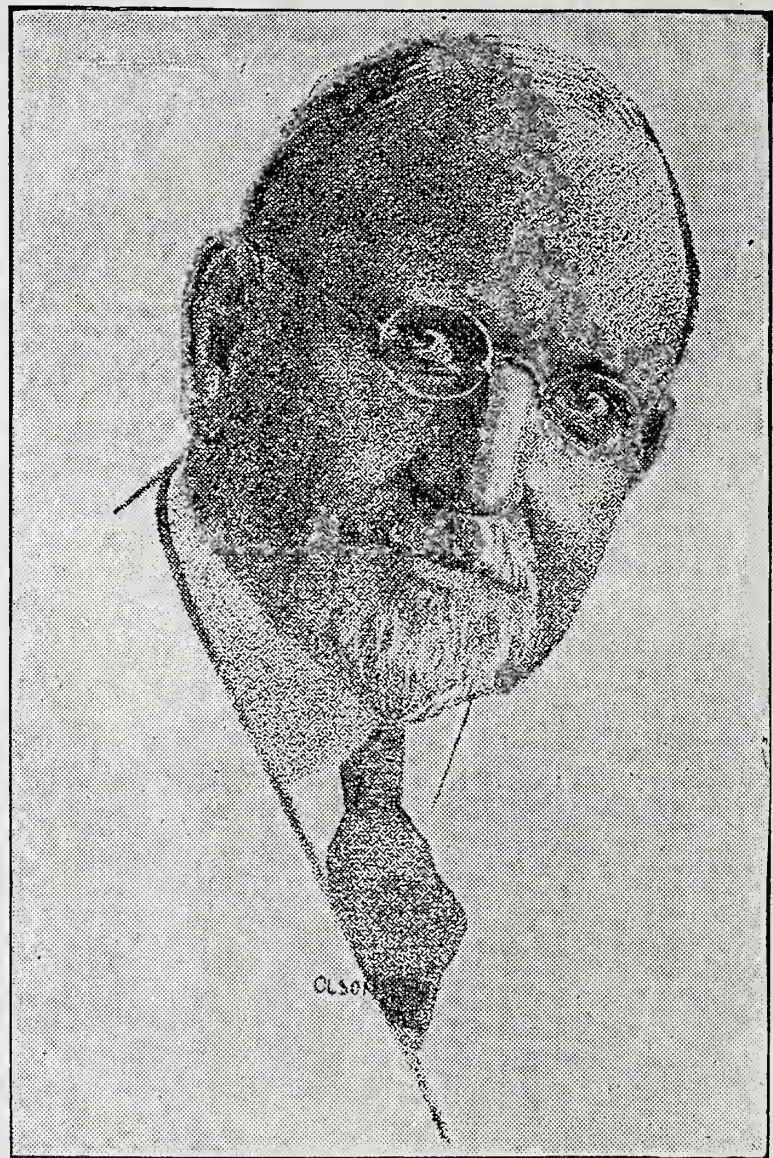
By F. LAURISTON BULLARD

The well-known writer on medical and health topics in this paper has produced the most complete and the most authoritative exposition of the mentality, the combined qualities and capacities of the mind of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, which has ever appeared in print. His book is a study in personality. His method is that of psycho-analysis, handled however by a scientist who understands the art of expository writing.

Only one trained in biology and physiology, a student of behaviorism, and who has mastered the facts of the life of his subject, the influences of ancestry and of environment upon her thought and action, could have written this book. The author overlooks nothing of importance in the life of Mary Todd Lincoln and discusses frankly the events which most other writers have passed over in silence. His style throughout is dignified, direct and simple. When he uses a medical term he explains it. When he makes an assertion he documents it. The bibliography is extensive. Dr. Evans has not hesitated to disagree with Barton, Beveridge or any other Lincolnian, and he gives his reasons. The books on the life of the Emancipator by Mrs. Morrow, Miss Helm and Dr. Barton, valuable in some respects and cast in a very different mold, are not comparable with this for any one who wants an understanding of the qualities, good and not so good, of Mary Todd and who wants besides the full story of her life.

Dr. Evans first narrates that life period by period, with primary attention to the evolution of her character and the development of her weaknesses. He adds a series of chapters dealing with the various influences which affected her, finances, politics, religion, society, her physical constitution, the association with her husband. This arrangement produces some duplication which is not a serious defect. Finally he enters a moving plea for charity and justice for a woman who suffered much and who, with all her faults, was much maligned.

We may summarize at the outset the general conclusion reached by Dr. Evans. He says: "Mrs. Lincoln had a mind far above the average quality as regards capacity for observation, for ability to read and in other ways acquire information, and for analysis. Her mind was of the introvert type, but with great determination, force and drive." The author holds that in her mental makeup there was waged through many years a "three-cornered fight between the desire to get, the desire to spend and the desire to hoard." He says that fight



Dr. W. A. Evans, long a favorite with readers of The Herald, who probes to its depths the strange story of the wife of Abraham Lincoln.

lasted nearly 40 years, that "sometimes one combatant was on top, sometimes another." He says that "in the final sketch, miserliness held the field." In his judgment she "inherited a financial type of mind. This complex of mania for money, extravagance and miserliness, paradoxical as it appears to laymen, is well known to psychiatrists. . . . In Mrs. Lincoln," Dr. Evans says, "I think the majority of psychiatrists would hold that her mania was developed to the point where it did not prove actual insanity; that at most it made of her not more than a border-line case." In various places throughout the book Dr. Evans says he thinks her insanity was "an emotional disturbance" and that not until near the end did she develop any considerable degree of dementia. When it comes to dates the most complete statement of Dr. Evans is this: "I would say that Mrs. Lincoln was irresponsible after April, 1865, and between 1861 and 1865 she should not be

held accountable for some of her actions."

Mary Todd is depicted as the child of a "placid, sunny mother" and an "impetuous, high-strung, sensitive father." She was "impatient under restraint as a child," and she "never was properly trained as a child." Her home was not a wholesome place for her for a period of 13 years in her girlhood. There were too many children in the household, not enough parental training, and the father's second marriage produced a deal of family discord. Mary Todd had a "very unusual amount" of formal education, but she never had much social experience in Lexington and her real social career was started when she went to Springfield to live with her sister. She was politically minded, her father being a politician and office holder, and Lexington a political caldron, with the followers of Henry Clay always to the fore. She did not meet Abraham Lincoln.

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

(incomplete) 1932

Mrs. Lincoln A Guest.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln and her children were also numbered among the prominent guests of the hotel, spending several days at the hostelry to escape the heat of the national capital. Andrew Carnegie, after he left Altoona and became famous in the steel industry, frequently was a guest as was also Robert J. Burdette, the noted humorist of earlier days. In a magazine article after his departure he referred to the hotel "as being about the size of Rhode Island."

The entire building was conducted as a hotel until 1885 when the first floor of the annex, fronting on Eleventh avenue and extending to the original structure, was taken over and fitted up for the use of the Mechanics' library. Connected with it was an auditorium where lecture courses sponsored by the library were presented. It occupied the quarters until October, 1900, when the old First Presbyterian church was purchased and fitted up for the occupancy of the library.

Old Logan House

Altoona, Pa. 1839

Knew 'Woman In Life of Lincoln'

Lincoln's life knew 1/25/28

A grand uncle of Mrs. Eva Badeau Frick of Pelican Lake, Wis., had a "ringside" seat—and a very uncomfortable one—at some of those outbursts of jealous rage staged by "The Woman in Lincoln's Life."

Mrs. Frick, whose husband, C. W. Frick, owns the Maple Beach lodge at Pelican Lake, wrote the editor of the Merrill (Wis.) Herald this week that her granduncle, Gen. Adams Badeau, knew the woman who prompted Dale Carnegie to write in his article published in the January issue of the Readers' Digest that:

"The great tragedy in Lincoln's life was not his assassination but his marriage."

Mrs. Frick read that article, "The Woman in Lincoln's Life," written by Mr. Carnegie, the author of "How to Win Friends and Influence People" and a Milwaukee News columnist.

Regarding the marital relationship of Lincoln and Mary Todd Lincoln, Mr. Carnegie wrote in part:

"Shortly before the fall of Richmond, General Grant invited Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln to spend a week with him near the front. General Adam Badeau, Grant's aide-de-camp, was detailed to escort Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant. He has left this record of one incident:

"I chanced to mention that the officers' wives had been ordered to the rear—a sure sign that active operations were in contemplation. Not a lady had been allowed to remain, except General Griffin's wife, who had obtained a special permit from the president. At this Mrs. Lincoln was up in arms.

"What do you mean by that sir?" she exclaimed. "Do you mean to say that she saw the President alone? Do you know that I never allow the President to see any woman alone?"

"I tried to pacify her, but she was fairly boiling.

"That's a very equivocal smile, sir," she exclaimed: "Let me out of this carriage at once. I will ask the President if he saw that woman alone."

"Mrs. Grant strove in vain to mollify her; but then Mrs. Lincoln got angry with Mrs. Grant. 'I suppose you think you'll get to the White House yourself, don't you?' Mrs. Grant merely replied that she was quite satisfied with her present position.

"That night the President and Mrs. Lincoln entertained General and Mrs. Grant and the general staff at dinner and Mrs. Lincoln created another scene. During all this, Lincoln bore up with an expression of sadness that cut one to the heart, but with supreme dignity. He called her "Mother," with his old-time plainness; he pleaded with eyes and tones, and endeavored to explain or palliate the offenses of others, still she turned on him like a tigress; and then he walked away, hiding that noble, ugly face that we might not catch the full expression of its misery."

Mary Todd Lincoln Much Maligned, Relative Says

By United Press

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 14.—A first-cousin-once-removed of Abraham Lincoln's wife denies that Mary Todd Lincoln was an essentially shrewish sort of woman—as many historians have been inclined to view her. "Mary Todd was undeservedly and terribly over-maligned," said Mrs. Francis Todd Eveleth, Mary Todd Lincoln, who stayed at whose father, Lyman Beecher Todd, was Mary Todd's first cousin.

"My father was an intimate of the Lincoln family during the heart-breaking days of the Civil War.

"Mary Todd Lincoln, father told me, was a strong-willed, exceptionally brilliant woman. Altho she came from a higher social position than her husband, she was tremendously attracted by the silent, awkward Illinois lawyer."

Disagrees With Sherwood

Mrs. Eveleth disagrees with the portrayal of Lincoln's wife in the New York stage hit, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois." The play's author, Robert Sherwood, represented Mrs. Lincoln as a jealous, quarrelsome wife who often made her husband unhappy, Mrs. Eveleth believes.

"People do not seem to remember the heartbreak Mary Todd Lincoln endured while she was in the White House," she said.

"Besides the death of her son—during Lincoln's presidency—Mary Lincoln also lost her three brothers who were Confederate soldiers.

"One of the brothers was only 18 years old," Mrs. Eveleth said.

Mary Todd's kinswoman described Abraham Lincoln's death 73 years ago, in a house near Washington's Ford theater. It was in the Ford theater that actor John Wilkes Booth, shot the President.

"My father made trips all night long from Lincoln's death-bed to

"When Abe Lincoln died in the morning, father went into the room and snipped two locks of hair from the President's head—one for Mary Todd and one which our family has kept in Lexington."

Says Life Was Hard

Mrs. Eveleth said that Mary Todd had no easy time as Lincoln's wife.

"He was often stubborn and moody and she struggled constantly to make himself exert himself."

She said that she believed Mary Todd was responsible for molding the Lincoln that "America will never forget."

"My most prized possession is a copy of a portrait of Mrs. Lincoln painted by one of her nieces," Mrs. Eveleth said.

"The portrait—painted from a photograph and memory—shows a plump, pleasant-faced woman of 26. The original hangs now in the White House."

"It's a shame that Mary Todd has been so misunderstood and unreasonably described by biographers. After all, I know about her personally and I am convinced that she has been maligned—to a great extent—unjustly," the former Frances Todd said. She added as a final tribute:

"Mary Todd Lincoln was a great woman."

Neon advertising lights first were patented in 1916.

Evansville Courier 1-15-39

First Ladies

BY
PAUL N.
FURMAN

Mrs. Lincoln Foresaw Future Tragedy

Number 16

Clairvoyance, superstition, call it what you will, Mrs. Abraham Lincoln was gifted with some strange powers. When she was a very small girl she always insisted that she was going to marry a man who would be President. And she did. Just after Lincoln was elected President he had what might be called a vision, which she interpreted as a sign that he was to be elected to a second term and would not live through it. All the world knows how true that forecast was.

There are very conflicting views about Mrs. Lincoln. She was Mary Todd, the daughter of Robert S. Todd, of Lexington, Ky. When she married Abraham Lincoln on November 4, 1842, he seemed the least likely of her many suitors to fulfill her ambition to wed a President.

Dream Fulfilled

When her life-long dream was realized upon her entry into the White House in 1861, she was prepared to enjoy life to the very fullest extent. Mrs. Lincoln felt it her duty to keep social life in the White House as close to custom as conditions would permit.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln held their first reception on March 9, five days after his inauguration. The style of the day demanded that her voluminous hoop skirts be crinolined to huge proportions. It was several yards around. As all of the other ladies were dressed similarly it took few to fill a room. To curtsy properly and gracefully required long and patient practice. In fact some fashionable belles took lessons from French dancing masters in methods of managing their unwieldy skirts. But the really clever trick was to get through carriage doors.

Their second reception was quite formal. Mrs. Lincoln was gowned in white satin and black lace with headdress of black with white flowers. She, the President and Cabinet members were served oysters, terrapin, game, fowl, pates, jellies, cakes and ices after which the other guests were admitted. Soon the social affairs were reduced to simple afternoon receptions from two to five o'clock three times a week, more formal affairs on Tuesday evenings and less formal ones by the President on Saturday.

Passion for Pretty Clothes

Mrs. Lincoln had a passion for pretty clothes. At one reception she wore a pink moire antique dress very low in the neck, richly trimmed with lace and with short sleeves. Upon her neck and in her ears hung large diamonds. She wore purple gloves stitched with crimson and over these were diamond and other glittering rings. In her hair were yellow roses.

After her husband's assassination \$24,000 worth of Mrs. Lincoln's clothes were placed on display on Broadway, New York where they were to be auctioned. There were eighteen dresses in the lot, one of which was of point lace. It was inventoried at \$4000. Also on display were a point lace shawl, valued at \$2000; camels hair shawl \$1500, point lace parasol cover \$250, and an \$80 handkerchief.

Mrs. Lincoln remained in the White House five weeks after the President's death. She secluded herself in a dark room and refused to see any one. When she left the entire building was unswept, unclean and ornaments, furniture, silver and dishes were missing.

Tomorrow—Eliza Johnson

Philadelphia Public Ledger
4-11-41

LINCOLN LORE

Bulletin of the Lincoln National Life Foundation - - - - - Dr. Louis A. Warren, Editor
Published each week by The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana

Number 683

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

May 11, 1942

MRS. LINCOLN AND "YOUR SOLDIER BOY"

In the little personal notes that passed between Abraham Lincoln and his wife during the White House days, he often addressed her as "mother." It is to be regretted that she has not been allowed to occupy this reverent role in the thinking of the American people, but possibly in the atmosphere of "Mother's Day" her most ardent critics will not begrudge her this brief tribute.

There seems to have been few attempts to gather and emphasize some of the commendable things that Mary Lincoln did, and it was refreshing, indeed, to come across a brief personal reminiscence of her by Howard Glyndon appearing in *The Independent* for August 10, 1882. He writes:

"She was very generous to the sick soldiers in camp and in the hospitals around Washington. I remember many of her voluntary and unsolicited deeds of kindness, and she visited the camps and hospitals frequently. These were not the things which it suited the convenience of her defamers to have a cognizance of, or to allow to go on record. I am ashamed that today nothing of Mary Lincoln's goodness of heart in this respect nor the sums of money spent by her and by Mr. Lincoln for the sick and suffering during the war is remembered or spoken of."

A more important reference to Mrs. Lincoln's motherly attitude toward the soldiers is told in a story released in the *Chicago Times Herald* in June 1897. A reporter interviewed James H. Agen, a Civil War soldier, and learned that he had in his possession a valuable letter written to his mother. Upon being questioned for more detail about the letter Mr. Agen told the following story:

"Let me tell you a story before answering your double question: In 1864, while following Grant near Richmond, and when we had come so close to it that they could hear our muskets, and we their church bells, I was stricken with a fever and sent to hospital. In time they landed me, more dead than alive, in one of the great hospitals at Washington. I was a very sick boy. Boy is right, for that was all I was—sweet 16, as a girl of that age would be. For three weeks I had no ambition to live.

"One day, after I had passed the danger point, and was taking a little notice of what was going on, a number of ladies came through the hospital. They had baskets containing delicacies and bouquets of beautiful flowers. One of them stopped at each cot as they passed along. A bunch of blossoms was handed to each sick or wounded soldier, and if he desired it a delicacy of some kind was also distributed. Every now and then one of the women sat in a camp chair and wrote a letter for the poor fellow who hadn't the strength to write himself.

"I wanted nothing to eat or drink, but those pretty posies held my attention. One of the ladies stopped at my cot. I hadn't yet got my full growth, and in my then emaciated, pale condition I must have looked like a child. She seemed surprised as she looked at me.

"'You poor child, what brought you here?'

"'They sent me here from the Army of the Potomac.'

"'But you are not a soldier?'

"'Yes, madam. I belong to a New York regiment. The surgeon here has the record.'

"'Can I do anything for you? Can you eat something or take a swallow of wine?'

"'I'm not hungry or thirsty.'

"'Can I write a letter for you?'

"'Not to-day. I'm too weak.'

"'Then I will leave some of these flowers with you. President Lincoln helped to cull them. I will come again in two or three days. Keep up your courage. You are going to get well. You must get well.'

"She was the first woman who had spoken to me since I had reached the army. Looking at the sweet flowers which Mr. Lincoln had 'helped to cull,' and thinking of the dear woman who had spoken so kindly and hopefully had more effect in brightening my spirits than all else that had occurred in the hospital.

"Three days later the same lady came again, and direct to my cot.

"'How is my little soldier boy to-day?' she asked in a way so motherly that it reminded me of my good mother back in New York, the patriot mother who had given her consent to my going to the war after praying over the matter many times. The hospital angel—that was what we learned to call those noble women—after giving me a taste of chicken and jelly, asked me if I had a mother. She saw by the tears in my eyes that I had.

"'Now we will write mother a letter.'

"Then she sat by my side and wrote the letter. I hadn't been able to write for a month.

"'I have told your mother that I am near her soldier boy and have talked with him. What shall I tell her for you? That you are still too weak to write yourself?'

"'Please don't tell her that. It will make her worry. Tell her I am fast getting well.'

"The first day I got home my mother asked me how I liked Mrs. Lincoln, the President's wife.

"'I never met Mrs. Lincoln. What made you think I had?'

"Then she took from a box closely guarded in an old bureau a letter. It read like this:

"'Dear Mrs. Agen: I am sitting by the side of your soldier boy. He has been quite sick, but is getting well. He tells me to say to you that he is all right. With respect for the mother of the young soldier.

"'Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.'

"That was the first that I knew that it was the President's wife who had made me those two visits. I begged my mother to give me the letter. 'You can have it when I am gone.' When she died, a box and an old letter folded in a silk handkerchief were among her gifts to me.

"The box, kerchief and letter will pass along the Agen line as mementos too sacred for everyday display."

Unique Paper Helps Protect Essential Foods

It's Grease-Resisting, Boil-proof

With food playing such a vital role in the war, every ounce must get utmost protection—must reach its objective fresh and wholesome. That's where Patapar* Vegetable Parchment comes in. This paper has double protective qualities. It



Withstands boiling

withstands both moisture and grease. Soak it in water—even boil it, and it will remain firm and strong. Pour grease on it, then rub and see how it resists penetration.



Resists grease

War Time Packages Patapar Lined

War demands and shortages have resulted in important new uses for Patapar. For example, many foods formerly put up in tin cans are now being packed in special containers fortified with inner liners of Patapar.

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Food Wrappers Face Severe Test

Heat brings moisture and grease to the surface of foods. This surface moisture and grease can work fast on wrappers, causing them to "fog up"—disintegrate—leak. A hot weather safeguard is a wrapper that is both insoluble and grease-resisting—like Patapar.

Are YOU Faced With A War Packaging Problem?

If so, it may pay you to investigate Patapar. For full information write us outlining your problem in detail.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Look for this
Keymark on
food wrappers

Paterson Parchment Paper Company
Bristol, Pennsylvania

West Coast Plant: 340 Bryant St., San Francisco
Branch Offices: New York, Chicago

Headquarters for Vegetable Parchment since 1885



Acme, Brown Brothers

GEORGE PULLMAN & "PIONEER"

Mrs. Lincoln's need put his white elephant to use.

it a heavy mahogany with gold trimmings outside. It contained a washroom at each end, two compartments, and four sections of seats to be made up into berths.

No railroad president in the country would buy "Pioneer." For months it lay useless in the Chicago and Alton yards. Then, in the spring of 1865, on the day Abraham Lincoln's funeral train arrived in Chicago, George Pullman found his opportunity. Mrs. Lincoln was on that train and she wanted to go through to Springfield that night. George Pullman's offer of his car was accepted. Station platforms and bridge railings were ripped apart so that the broad-beamed monster could get by.

Last week a Federal court in Philadelphia decided that more ripping was required, ruled that Pullman, Inc. is a trust. The court also recommended that Pullman must divorce its car-manufacturing business from that of operating and servicing sleeping and parlor cars. Pullman has no servicing rivals.

Pullman President David A. Crawford seemed only mildly miffed, merely said that Pullman would appeal. The reason for his restraint: Pullman is too busy. It has \$600 million worth of unfilled orders for tanks, shells, howitzers, boats, aircraft assemblies and freight cars; it expects its cars to be used again, as in 1942, to transport eight million armed men and 18 million civilians; it may land a Government order for 1,200 troop-sleepers of new design, plus 400 mess cars; and it has ready for peacetime production a new, lightweight, 24-roomette duplex sleeping car.

Other recommendations by the court: that Pullman 1) service sleeping cars made by other manufacturers, 2) have no more exclusive contracts with railroads, 3) supply through sleeping-car service when a railroad asks it, 4) allow a railroad to operate its own sleeping-car service if it wants to, and 5) let railroads buy used Pullman sleeping cars.

FOOD

Slightly Better

Importers of coffee, sugar and cocoa were happier last week than they have been for a long time. The reasons:

► Coffee imports for April have already

reached 1.1 million bags v. 465,147 bags for last January. April imports equal about 124 million pounds, roasted.

► Raw sugar imports from January to mid-April totaled 900,000 tons v. only 696,922 tons for the year before.

► Cocoa arrivals at U.S. ports so far this year were 1,148,000 bags, more than double last year's figure of 565,756.

But for most civilians none of this added up to much—at least for the present. Home canners will probably get more liberal allotments of sugar this summer, but coffee bought with Stamp 23 will still have to last five weeks. And most cocoa will still go into Army rations.

SHIPPING

Ice and Mathematics

Ice on the Great Lakes is the heaviest in the memory of the oldest oldtimers. Some venerable head-shakers glumly predicted, "There won't be much doing on Superior before the middle of May."

The great Soo Locks at the eastern tip of Superior and the narrow Straits of Mackinac that connect Lake Michigan with Lake Huron are the twin bottlenecks through which 85% of the nation's vast iron ore production flows to U.S. blast furnaces. The ore moves eastward to the Soo from Minnesota's Mesabi Range, then southwest to Gary, southeast to Cleveland, Youngstown and Pittsburgh.

Even in the warmest years, ice stops this flow for some four months. Last year, with an early thaw, the Lakes opened late in March, stayed open until Dec. 9. Thereby total ore deliveries for the open season soared to almost 92,000,000 tons, a record. This year the goal is around 95,000,000 tons—and already four weeks (good for 8,650,000 tons in 1942) have been lost in the big freeze. Only counter-balance: 16 new ore boats, good for monthly deliveries of about 1,000,000 tons.

Last week the car ferry *Sainte Marie*, queen of the icebreakers, pushed her broad armored nose through the Straits of Mackinac, heading for the Soo Locks. Behind her crept ten freighters, riding light or loaded with Ohio coal, all eager to be first to move on the Lakes in the year 1943. The icebreaker made it, but all the

WOMAN DESCRIBES DEATH OF LINCOLN

First Such Account, Given in
1865 Letter, Pictures the
Scene and Grief of Wife

By SANKA KNOX

The first known eye-witness account by a woman of the tragic happenings in the house where President Lincoln lay dying on April 14, 1865, was shown here yesterday. It was a "find" discovered in an old scrap book and purchased recently by Miss Mary Benjamin, a New York dealer in autographs.

The account, a letter dated May 1, 1865, was written by Mrs. Elizabeth L. Dixon, wife of James Dixon, United States Senator from Connecticut. She was one of four women called upon to minister to the grieving Mary Lincoln. Only two of the four spectators in the house opposite Ford's Theatre where the President was carried, have been fully identified. They are Mrs. Dixon and a Miss Clara Harris, who, with her fiancé, Maj. Henry R. Rathbone, assigned to guard Lincoln, had been in the Presidential box at the play.

Mrs. Dixon's letter, a long and graphic piece to a sister, Mrs. Louisa Wood, not only told of the somber vigil that ended "just as the day was struggling with the dim candles in the room," but also poignantly reflected the war-ridden fears of the day.

Awakened by Carriage

In her sad "familiarity with sickness and death," through personal loss and through her attendance on hospitalized soldiers, Mrs. Dixon, when awakened by "a carriage violently driving up to the door & stopping," immediately thought of bad news from Jamie, her young son in service.

The carriage had been sent by Capt. Robert T. Lincoln, the President's son, a fact not known before, although Mrs. Dixon's presence on the scene has been documented.

Upon her arrival, Mrs. Dixon found the house in Tenth Street guarded by a regiment of cavalry. "In a back room over a back building on a common bedstead covered with an Army blanket and a colored woolen coverlid lay stretched the murdered President, his life blood slowly ebbing away," she wrote.

The letter continued:

"The officers of the Government were there, & no lady except Miss Harris, whose dress was spattered with blood, as was Mrs. Lincoln's, who was frantic with grief beside him, calling on him to take her with him, to speak one word to her—but her agonizing appeals were of no avail!"

Supported by Mrs. Dixon, the narrative went on, Mrs. Lincoln was twice persuaded during the night to leave her husband's side. Returning at 7 in the morning, "Mrs. Lincoln must have noticed a

change, for the moment she looked at him she fainted and fell upon the floor."

Mrs. Lincoln's Grieving

"I caught her in my arms & held her to the window which was open, the rain falling heavily," the letter continued. "She again seated herself by the President, kissing him and calling him every endearing name, the surgeons counting every pulsation & noting every breath gradually growing less & less.

"They then asked her to go into the adjoining room, and in twenty minutes came in & said, 'It is all over! The President is no more!' At nine o'clock we took her down to that house so changed for her & the doctor said she must go immediately to bed. She refused to go into any of the rooms she had previously occupied, 'not there! oh not there' she said—and so we took her to one she had arranged for the President for a summer room to write in.

"I remained till 11 o'clock (twelve hours from the time I went to her) and then left her a lonely widow, everything changed for her, since they left it so happily the evening previous. As I started to go downstairs I met the cortege bringing up the remains of the murdered President which were taken into the great State Bedroom wrapped in the American Flag. 'The paths of glory lead but to the grave.'"

The letter was obtained by Miss Benjamin, who values it at \$500, from Mrs. Charlotte A. Smith of East Orange, N. J. Mrs. Smith acquired it, together with other letters pasted in an album, from her grandmother, who was a friend of Mrs. Wood, the original recipient.

Death . Important
Mrs. Lincoln

Woman Describes Death of Lincoln

First Such Account Given
in 1865 Letter Tells
Grief of the Wife

6-1-50

NEW YORK—The first known eye-witness account by a woman of the tragic happenings in the house where President Lincoln lay dying on April 14, 1865, was shown here recently. It was a "find" discovered in an old scrap book and purchased recently by Miss Mary Benjamin, a New York dealer in autographs.

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In her sad "familiarity with sickness and death," through personal loss and through her attendance on hospitalized soldiers, Mrs. Dixon, when awakened by "a carriage violently driving up to the door and stopping," immediately thought of bad news from Jamie, her young son in service.

The carriage had been sent by Capt. Robert T. Lincoln, the President's son, a fact not known before, although Mrs. Dixon's presence on the scene has been documented.

Upon her arrival, Mrs. Dixon found the house in Tenth Street guarded by a regiment of cavalry. "In a back room over a back building on a common bedstead covered with an Army blanket and a colored woolen coverlid lay stretched the murdered President, his life blood slowly ebbing away," she wrote.

The letter continued:

"The officers of the Government were there, and no lady except Miss Harris, whose dress was spattered with blood, as was Mrs. Lincoln's, who was frantic with grief beside him, calling on him to take her with him, to speak one word to her—but her agonizing appeals were of no avail!"

Supported by Mrs. Dixon, the narrative went on, Mrs. Lincoln was twice persuaded during the night to leave her husband's side. Returning at 7 in the morning, "Mrs. Lincoln must have noticed a change, for the moment she

looked at him she fainted and fell upon the floor."

Mrs. Lincoln's Grieving

"I caught her in my arms and held her to the window which was open, the rain falling heavily," the letter continued. "She again seated herself by the President, kissing him and calling him every endearing name, the surgeons counting every pulsation and noting every breath gradually growing less and less.

"They then asked her to go into the adjoining room, and in twenty minutes came in and said, 'It is all over! The President is no more!' At nine o'clock we took her down to that house so changed for her and the doctor said she must go immediately to bed. She refused to go into any of the rooms she had previously occupied, 'not there! oh not there' she said—and so we took her to one she had arranged for the President for a summer room to write in.

"I remained 'till 11 o'clock (twelve hours from the time I went to her) and then left her a lonely widow, everything changed for her, since they left it so happily the evening previous. As I started to go downstairs I met the cortege bringing up the remains of the murdered President which were taken into the great State Bedroom wrapped in the American Flag. 'The paths of glory lead but to the grave.'"

The letter was obtained by Miss Benjamin, who values it at \$500, from Mrs. Charlotte A. Smith of East Orange, N. J. Mrs. Smith acquired it, together with other letters pasted in an album, from her grandmother, who was a friend of Mrs. Wood, the original recipient.

Mrs. Lincoln Hit Gossipers In Newly Found Letters

MAR 8 - 1951

New York, March 8—(AP)—Unpublished letters from a New Jersey attic, reportedly written by Mary Todd Lincoln, have showed up at the National Antiques Show here with tantalizing hints of behind-the-scenes White House gossip.

In one of the letters, written to Abram Wakeman, Sr., of New York, the Civil War President's wife spoke of "vile falsehoods."

She resented "coupling a lady's name" with someone she wouldn't place "on even the footing of one of our doormen."

Used Only Initials

Names of the persons involved remain a mystery, for Mrs. Lincoln referred to them only by single initials.

But Sigmund Rothschild, appraiser at the show, said yesterday that other letters not made public at this time throw still more light on Mrs. Lincoln's private life.

He said the letters, along with others to Wakeman from her son, Robert Todd Lincoln, Andrew Carnegie and other well-known persons, have great historical value and may establish Wakeman as an important political figure.

Rothschild said total publication rights to "the whole mass of material" probably would be worth about \$100,000.

Mrs. Verner Alexanderson, of Englewood, N. J., great-granddaughter of Wakeman who brought the letters to the show after finding them in her attic, was excited but skeptical.

"I will believe it when I have the check in my hand and not before," she commented.

One letter, written to Wakeman by Mrs. Lincoln on February 20, 1865, tells of "a note from the same disagreeable source," presumably someone in New York.

She wrote that the writer of the note "says two or three distinguished individuals of his acquaintance, coming from W. (Washington)," had mentioned some flying rumors.

"How false all this is!" she wrote. "I could tell him that a more noble and distinguished person than he could venture to number among his friends, said to me within the last 24 hours that E. had ventured into his room and began his complaints—that this Mr. G. had informed against him and caused his removal."

"This friend indeed, as might have been expected from a source that would scorn close communion with menials, told E. that he might leave his presence."

"If any information was given Mr. W. it emanated from E. himself and those whom he had entertained with his vile falsehoods."

"Coupling a lady's name with one with whom I have never conversed and not placed on even the footing of one of our doormen, is indeed a farce!"

"The intellect that a kind and heavenly Father gave him, he has thrown away in a very strange manner."

Later in the same letter, after warning Wakeman to say nothing to "Mr. W." about receiving a letter from her, she adds:

"I shall banish this subject entirely from my mind and think of it no more."

Mary Todd Lincoln's letters hint love for President's aide

NEW YORK (INS)—Eight letters believed to be from Mary Todd Lincoln, riddled with pledges of secrecy and the fear of scandal, were included yesterday in a collection of letters and papers newly discovered in the ancient attic of one of President Lincoln's political associates.

The papers of Abram Wakeman, New York attorney who served as port surveyor and postmaster of New York during Lincoln's presidency, were unveiled in part at the antique exposition now running at Madison Square Garden.

Wakeman's great granddaughter, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Alexanderson of Englewood, N. J., said she collected the papers when it was decided to turn the old Wakeman home at Hudson Falls, N. Y., into an

apartment building.

Veteran Appraiser Sigmund Rothschild announced yesterday the collection is worth at least \$100,000 in historical value, and Mary A. Benjamin, autograph dealer and handwriting expert, verified that the letters from Mrs. Lincoln to Wakeman were genuine.

...

NEWSMEN WERE informed that the letters contained evidence of a romance between Mrs. Lincoln and Wakeman but the letters that were displayed

could be said to confirm this only after a possible wrangle among historians.

In one letter, which Appraiser Rothschild would not permit to be quoted verbatim for fear of its losing its present value, Mrs. Lincoln swears Wakeman to secrecy concerning an episode which took place on Fifth ave. in New York.

In another letter, dated Feb. 20, 1865, two months before her

husband's death, Mrs. Lincoln wrote:

"I write hurriedly today and will not attempt to discuss so unnecessary a subject as one so very far beneath our thoughts..."

...

SPEAKING IN another letter of a person identified only as "E," Mrs. Lincoln wrote:

"The same disagreeable source takes particular occasion NOT to mention E's visit to N. Y., says two or three distinguished individuals of his acquaintance coming from W. had mentioned the flying rumors. How false, all that is. I could tell him what a more noble and distinguished person than he could venture to number among his friends said to me within the last 24 hours—that E. had ventured into his room and began his complaints, that this Mr. G. had informed him and caused his removal."

...

"IF ANY INFORMATION was given Mr. W. it emanated from E. himself and those whom he had entertained with his vile falsehoods. Coupling a lady's name with one whom I have never conversed and not placed on even the footing of one of our doormen is indeed a farce."

There was this post script:

"W. mentioned that one who mentioned about this man G. to him was a member of Congress, likely a "journalist," high source and a civilian and most decidedly and all his spokesman!"

Discovers Mrs. Lincoln's Letters To Man Who Knew Her 'Secret'

New York (UP)—A New Jersey housewife learned Wednesday she may be worth \$100,000 because her great-great grandfather knew the "secret" of Abraham Lincoln's wife.

Autograph experts and Lincoln researchers have placed that value on a batch of newly discovered letters written by Mary Todd Lincoln to Abram Wakeman, who may be the mystery man referred to in other Lincoln papers only as "W."

Wakeman established himself as a close friend of both President and Mrs. Lincoln after the campaign of 1860 and won appointments as postmaster and port surveyor of New York City. He seemed to be an especially close friend of the first lady.

3 BUSHELS OF LETTERS

The intriguing tale came to light when Mrs. Elizabeth Alexander-

son of Englewood, N.J., took three bushels of old family papers to an appraiser, Sigmund Rothschild.

He found at least eight letters written by Mary Todd Lincoln to Wakeman, all making cautious references to "ludicrous scenes," "troubles to be discussed at some other time," and one ending with the warning, "All this is between ourselves."

The troubled Mary Todd never openly mentions the secret she shared with Wakeman.

'EXCELLENT ADVICE'

Mrs. Alexanderson believes her great-great-grandfather, possibly in his capacity as a lawyer, had the complete confidence of Mrs. Lincoln in the matter. But the old gentleman apparently carried the secret to his grave.

Mrs. Alexanderson says her mother tells of once seeing a letter from Mary Todd to Wakeman in which she wrote, "I have taken your excellent advice and decided not to leave my husband while he is in the White House."

But this letter was not among the papers Mrs. Alexanderson found last summer in the attic of the old Wakeman family home at Hudson Falls, N.Y.

Miss Mary A. Benjamin of the autograph firm of Walter R. Benjamin, New York, says the letters "are without question the handwriting of Mary Todd."

But neither the Wakeman descendants nor the experts have any idea as to the nature of the secret worries that led ultimately to the confinement of Mrs. Lincoln to a mental hospital.

- under Gazette Mar 8/51

Ancestor's Knowing Of Mrs. Lincoln's 'Secret' May Net Jersey Wife \$100,000

NEW YORK, (UP) — A New Jersey housewife learned yesterday that she may be worth \$100,000 because her great-great grandfather knew the "secret" of Abraham Lincoln's wife.

Autograph experts and Lincoln researchers have placed that potential value on a batch of newly-discovered letters written by Mary Todd Lincoln to Abram Wakeman, who may be the mystery man referred to in other Lincoln papers only as "W." Wakeman established himself as a close friend of both President and Mrs. Lincoln after the campaign of 1860 and won appointments as postmaster and port surveyor of New York City. He seemed to be an especially close friend of the First Lady.

How Tale Came To Light

The intriguing tale came to light when Mrs. Elizabeth Alexanderson of Englewood, N. J., took three bushel baskets of old family papers to an appraiser at the New York Antique Show. In the collection, he found at least eight letters written by Mary Todd Lincoln to Wakeman, all making cautious references to "ludicrous

scenes," "troubles" to be discussed at "some other time," and one ending with the warning, "all this is between ourselves."

The troubled Mary Todd never openly mentions the secret she

Car Fumes Fatal To Divorcee, Boy

PLYMOUTH, (AP) — Carbon monoxide fumes proved fatal Tuesday night to a young divorcee, mother of two children, who was found unconscious beside a 17-year-old youth in a parked car Monday.

Mrs. Shirley Himes of Plymouth was the second victim of the fumes. The youth, Dervel David Good of Lapaz, died Monday a short time after they were found overcome. The car motor was running.

The woman was a native of Kalamazoo, Mich., and was divorced here recently from Alfred Himes.

shared with Wakeman. Mrs. Alexanderson believes her great-great grandfather possibly in his capacity as a lawyer, had the complete confidence of Mrs. Lincoln in the matter. But the old gentleman apparently carried the secret to his grave.

Startling Revelation

Mrs. Alexanderson, wife of a chemical engineer, says her mother told of once seeing a letter from Mary Todd to Wakeman in which she wrote, "I have taken your excellent advice and decided not to leave my husband while he is in the White House."

But this letter was not among the papers Mrs. Alexanderson found last Summer in the attic of the old Wakeman family home at Hudson Falls, N. Y.

Experts called in to study the new Lincoln find say the letters "are without question the handwriting of Mary Todd." But neither the Wakeman descendants nor the experts have any idea as to the nature of the secret worries that led ultimately to the confinement of Mrs. Lincoln to an insane asylum.

Kup's Column



KUPCINET

AS AN OLD Lincoln lover and a paid-up member in the Civil War Round Table, I resent the inference (cuds!) being drawn from the newly discovered batch of letters written by Mary Todd Lincoln. The inference (swine!) is that Mrs. Lincoln had a "secret" with a scarlet "S" and Abram Wakeman was the party of the second port. Not even a gossip columnist, accustomed as we are to being same 90 years late in our red hat flosses, would stoop to such below-the-belt bobble. Abe Lincoln and Mary Todd, we are delighted to report after checking numerous Lincoln scholars, were modly in love and complete in their devation to each other.

ACCORDING to these Lincoln authorities, Abram Wakeman couldn't and didn't get to first base with Mary Todd in the love department. But Wakeman did possibly have a hold on Mary Todd because of her peculiar pecuniary peccadillos. Let's face it, Mrs. Lincoln was a fast gal with a huck, a spendthrift who kept her ever-lovin' constantly in debt.



Mary Todd Lincoln

HISTORY tells that she constantly was in financial distress because of quaint little habits like paying \$500 for a pair of gloves. Not even the take-home pay of a president (in those days) could afford such luxuries. Lincoln often scolded her for these buying binges and must have, like any husband, wondered where the money was coming from to pick up the tab. That's where the "sinister" Abram Wakeman enters the picture, according to my Lincoln authorities.

SOME of Mary's bills were paid for in mysterious fashion. History, so far, has been unable to account for the money with which she wiped out some of her larger debts. The newly discovered batch of letters may provide the missing link. It is entirely possible, the Lincoln scholars believe, that Wakeman provided these sums. That conceivably would be the "secret" mentioned in Mary's letters and which Wakeman carried to his grave.

WAKEMAN was a man of wealth and, according to history, "an unscrupulous politician." Mary, in addition to running up king, instead of presidential, sized bills, liked to meddle in politics. The foremost authority on Mary Todd Lincoln, who insists on anonymity, believes it was probable that Mrs. Lincoln was being "used" by Wakeman to increase his political power. He not only was postmaster and port surveyor in New York, but also a top level patronage dispenser.

IN EXCHANGE for helping Mrs. Lincoln pay her debts, he may have solicited her White House influence in adding to his job-dispensing authority. He became, probably as a result of Mrs. Lincoln's influence, a one-man political machine in New York. But to imply (rascals!) that the "secret" between Wakeman and Mary Todd Lincoln was an affair of the heart—never! Mary was spirited, quick-tempered and financially foolish—but true and devoted to Abe, not Abram.

LINCOLN experts in Chicago, Champaign and Springfield credit the newly discovered letters with being the first definite link between Mary and Wakeman. Up to now Wakeman has been mentioned largely in passing or in footnotes. These same scholars scoff at any love interest between the two. We're positive, too, there wasn't. Otherwise, Winchell, who was on the scene at the time, would have scooped it!



MARY TODD LINCOLN
". . . Between ourselves."

Letters Reveal Lincoln's Wife Had 'Secret'

ENGLEWOOD, N.J. — (AP) — A housewife said Thursday she may get \$100,000 because her great-great grandfather knew some secret — possibly romantic — in the life of Abraham Lincoln's wife.

Mrs. Elizabeth Alexanderson owns eight newly discovered letters from Mary Todd Lincoln to her great-great grandfather, Abram Wakeman, in which the "secret" is mentioned.

Appraisers have put their value at \$100,000, Mrs. Alexanderson said.

* * *

WAKEMAN, a postmaster and port surveyor in New York City, was a close friend of both the Civil War President and his wife.

Autograph experts and researchers believe he may be the mystery man referred to in other Lincoln papers as "W."

The new letters were discovered when Mrs. Alexanderson took three bushel baskets of family papers to an appraiser at the New York antique show.

* * *

THE APPRAISER, Sigmund Rothschild, found the letters from the President's wife to Wakeman.

All referred to "ludicrous scenes," which were not detailed, and contained the warning "all this is between ourselves."

Mrs. Alexanderson believes her grandfather carried the secret to his grave.

Mary Todd Lincoln Letters Start Literary Detective Hunt

55 CHICAGO SUN-TIMES, SUNDAY, MARCH 11, 1951

By Jack McPhaul

The Lincoln historical detectives are hot on the trail. With just initials as clues, they are combing the records of the Civil War home front in an effort to learn whom Mary Todd Lincoln was talking about in her newly-found letters.

Chicago has a large group of amateur and professional Lincoln students and they tend to get excited when anything new pops up about the life and times of Abraham Lincoln and his family.

Stamped as genuine by a handwriting expert, eight hitherto unpublished letters written by the president's wife were dug up recently in a New Jersey attic. They are the property of relatives of Abram Wakeman Sr., a powerful New York politician of the Civil War era, to whom Mrs. Lincoln wrote letters with the request they be kept secret.

In the midst of their search for the identities of "Mr. W.," "Mr. and Mrs. B.," etc., mentioned in the letters from the White House, local historians wonder aloud as to what possibly could be in the letters that would give them a sales value of \$100,000.

A New York appraiser has opined that the Wakeman mail might be worth that sum.

The Mrs. Lincoln letters appear to be the prize of the batch. The contents of most of her missives have not yet been divulged.

Chicago collectors of Lincolniana say that if the letters have a value of \$100,000 they must contain star-

ting new information of national importance. But local experts will be very surprised if the letters turn up any great secrets that all historians have missed.

MARY TODD LINCOLN

ling new information of national importance. But local experts will be very surprised if the letters turn up any great secrets that all historians have missed.

A SUN-TIMESman, an amateur in the Lincoln field, has looked into the 1860 history books and has come up with some candidates in the identification sweepstakes.

'FALSEHOODS' CHARGED

A "Mr. W." is mentioned prominently in two of Mrs. Lincoln's letters. In one, the sharp-tongued "Madame President" (as her enemies referred to her sarcastically) stated that "vile falsehoods" concerning "a lady's name," presumably that of Mrs. Lincoln, had been passed on to the mysterious "W."

Mrs. Lincoln asked Wakeman to keep secret the fact she had written to W. She told the New York politician that W. must be considered as "so very far beneath our thoughts."

A guess is that W. may have been Henry Wikoff, who might be described as an "undercover" reporter.

After a checkered career abroad during which he became the friend of royalty, Wikoff gained entry to the White House and was accepted by Mrs. Lincoln as her mentor in social etiquette.

'B' COULD BE BENNETTS

At the same time he was secretly on the payroll of James Gordon Bennett, owner of the New York Herald. Wikoff supplied tidbits of gossip about what was said and done during White House social affairs.

Support for the notion that the

society spy was the person referred to comes from this passage of Mrs. Lincoln's letter:

"If possible, I am sure you will always say a kind word to Mr. and Mrs. B. whose favor it would be most impolitic to ignore. Mr. W. may try to sour them."

The kind word may have been intended for Mr. and Mrs. James Gordon Bennett. The Herald opposed Lincoln's first election but after the outbreak of the Civil War supported him more often than not.

There were at least two other W.'s who figured in sensational controversies involving Mrs. Lincoln.

John Watt, the White House gardener, was promoted by the President's wife to the post of steward of the mansion. In 1863 he tried blackmail, demanding that President

Lincoln pay him \$20,000 for three of Mrs. Lincoln's letters he possessed.

LETTERS BOUGHT FOR \$1,500

Friends of the President, according to John Hay, a Lincoln biographer, had reason to believe that publication of the letters would have resulted in "dreadful disclosures."

Simeon Draper, a New York merchant, went to Watt, frightened him and bought the letters for \$1,500.

Draper was a political associate of Wakeman. In 1864 Lincoln named Draper collector of the Port of New York. During that period Wakeman served as surveyor of the port.

Still another W. who provoked Mrs. Lincoln's wrath was W. S. Wood. Originally a courier for the

President, he was appointed Commissioner of Public Buildings on the recommendation, supposedly, of Mrs. Lincoln.

The President's wife was extravagant, both in personal matters and managing the White House. Wood approved her purchase of a \$10,000 rug for the East Room, a deal that distressed Lincoln.

Ultimately Wood was fired. Mrs. Lincoln aided in the ouster by charging he was a drunkard.

Gossip in the capital had it that she turned on her protégé when he declined to use public funds to pay for a large-scale private dinner.

Plenty of work awaits the eager Lincoln sleuths. They'll have to establish the identity of E., who told "vile falsehoods," and Mr. G., who

caused E. to be fired. But it's the sort of work that delights historians to whom the past is more interesting than the future.

Ask Mayor to Pick Negro for CTA Job

The National Negro Council and the Chicago Citizens Committee of 1,000 Saturday sent a telegram to Mayor Kennelly asking him to appoint a Negro to fill a vacancy on the Chicago Transit Authority board.

The two groups urged the mayor to name James B. Cashin, an attorney at 100 N. La Salle. Kennelly has stated he will not fill the vacancy until after the mayoral election, April 3.



MRS. LINCOLN'S LETTERS

Mrs. Alexander, who lives at 150 E. 15th St., in Manhattan, brought the letters to the show. Mrs. Alexander, who lives at 150 E. 15th St., in Manhattan, brought the letters to the show. Mrs. Alexander, who lives at 150 E. 15th St., in Manhattan, brought the letters to the show.

\$1 FEE TURNS UP A \$100,000 FIND

New Jersey housewife brings New York appraiser six confidential letters written by Lincoln's wife

Samuel Rothschild, an appraiser who for 15 years has spent most of his time explaining to people that the old family fiddler, not a Stradivarius, and that Paul Revere did not make a fourth of the silver pots attributed to him. But, last week, an appraiser's pipe shows maternity for Rothschild. At the annual National Antique Show in New York, Mr. Vernon Alexander, a housewife of Englewood, N.J., brought three stacks of old papers for appraisal. In them were six letters written by Lincoln's wife Mary.

Adam Wakeman, The Wakeman papers, one of the biggest Lincoln finds in decades, are worth more than \$100,000. Highly confidential, Mrs. Lincoln's letters are studded with cryptic references to a Mr. and Mrs. B., a Mr. W., and to F., whom Mary accuses of "vile falsehoods."

Mrs. Alexander got the appraisal at Rothschild's special Antiques Show bargain rate of \$1. At his 37th Street workshop (next page) Rothschild charges \$5. He also appraises for estates and insurance companies, appears regularly on television shows. His only experience comparable to finding the Lincoln letters came in 1950 when he recognized \$30,000 Velazquez under the dust and dirt of an old painting.



MRS. ALEXANDERSON AND APPRAISER ROTHSCHILD GO OVER LINCOLN LETTERS AT THE ANTIQUES SHOW



ALL SORTS OF THINGS were brought to Rothschild (center) at Antiques Show in Madison Square

Garden. He examined 250 items a day: paintings, vases, dolls, linen—and the best emerald he ever saw.

ALL WERE CONFEDERATES

The Wife of President Lincoln Lost Several Brothers in War

By FRANK DANIEL

LINCOLN'S brother-in-law, Confederate Brigadier General Ben Hardin Helm, was buried in Atlanta after he fell at the Battle of Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863, and died several hours later. His wife, Emilie Todd, sister of Lincoln's wife, reached Atlanta just in time to attend funeral services at St. Philip's Episcopal Church, then located nearer the Georgia Railroad than when it was rebuilt in 1881, at the northeast corner of Courtland and Hunter streets, SE.

He was buried in Atlanta Cemetery—as Oakland Cemetery was known before 1876 and from which the body was removed and reburied during ceremonies of Gen. Helm's First Kentucky (Orphan) Brigade of Infantry at Elizabethtown, Ky., Sept. 19, 1884. He was reinterred in the pioneer burial ground of his fathers, "in the shadow of the great granite shaft the State of Kentucky erected there in honor of his father, Gov. John L. Helm."

A SEVERE BLOW

According to Dr. R. Gerald McMurtry of Fort Wayne, Ind., who addressed the Atlanta Civil War Round Table recently, Gen. Helm's death "came as a severe blow to President Lincoln." Said an associate: "I never saw Mr. Lincoln more moved than when he heard of the death of his young brother-in-law, only 32 years old. I called to see him about 4 o'clock on the 22nd of September; I found him in the greatest grief, so I closed the door and left him alone."

Mary Todd Lincoln, wife of the President, lost not only her brother-in-law, Gen. Helm, in the Confederate Army, but also two brothers and a half brother. First to die was Samuel Todd, killed at Shiloh. Next was the young half brother, Lt. Alexander Todd, aged 23, at Baton Rouge. David Todd died from a wound received at Vicksburg.

Gen. Helm was a man of parts. According to Dr. McMur-

try, "At least twice in 1861 and 1862 Confederate Brig. Gen. Helm found an opportunity to send friendly messages to President Lincoln, but the nature of these messages is unknown. While Helm opposed the Union government he did not question the sincerity of his brother-in-law, the President.

Helm was a West Point graduate, class of '51, who resigned his commission because of ill health. He then studied law, entered the law school at the University of Louisville, from which he was graduated in 1853. He next enrolled for a six months' course at the Harvard Law School.

In 1858 Helm formed a law partnership with Horatio W. Bruce in Louisville. This association was dissolved when both men joined the Confederate Army in 1861. He had been Hardin County representative in the Kentucky legislature when he

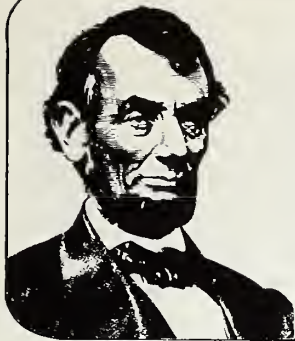
met Emilie Paret Todd, daughter of Robert S. Todd, in Lexington. They were married in 1856. After Lincoln's election to the presidency in 1860, Lincoln offered him an army commission as paymaster, with the rank of major.

The young lawyer went to Washington to see Lincoln, and while there visited Col. Robert E. Lee, on the very day the Virginian resigned his commission in the U.S. Army. Lee, too, Dr. McMurtry says, respected Lincoln's integrity, but he told Helm he would never fight against his own people.

This was just before the firing on Fort Sumter, an event that decided Helm to cast his lot with the Southern cause. In April 1861 he went to Montgomery, Ala., to offer his services to President Jefferson Davis. Davis said he could better serve the South by bringing Kentucky into the Confederacy. But as the war situation grew more critical, Helm turned his attention to recruiting and training soldiers.

A COLONEL

Helm was commissioned a colonel in September 1861, and early in 1862 found himself in Murfreesboro, Tenn., under Gen. John C. Breckinridge. He next served under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh, where Johnston lost his life. On Jan. 31, 1863, by direction of President Davis, Helm was ordered to report to Gen. William Joseph Hardee for the command of the brigade of the late Brig. Gen. Roger W. Hanson, killed at the Battle of Stone's Creek. Next Helm took command of the First Kentucky Brigade, and reinforced Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who was to relieve Gen. John C. Pemberton, then under siege near Jackson, Miss. In August 1863, the Breckinridge division was sent to Chattanooga to reinforce Gen. Bragg, in anticipation of the battle that resulted in his death.



Lincoln Lore

January, 1975

Bulletin of The Lincoln National Life Foundation...Mark E. Neely, Jr., Editor. Published each month by The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana 46801.

Number 1643

Abraham Lincoln Did NOT Defend His Wife Before the Committee on the Conduct of the War

We are witnessing a Lincoln myth in the making, and it provides a rare opportunity to see what cultural forces are necessary to promote to the status of popular myth one of the many obscure and doubtful stories about the sixteenth President. The event in question is Abraham Lincoln's alleged visit to a secret session of a congressional committee investigating rumors that Mary Todd Lincoln was leaking military secrets to the Confederacy.

I. Origins of the Story

Lincoln's visit was first described in an article which appeared in a Washington, D.C., newspaper sometime after 1905 (the article refers to the "late" John Hay, who died in 1905). The author, E. J. Edwards, attributed the "anecdote" to Thomas L. James, who had heard it "at the time he was Postmaster General in Garfield's cabinet" from a "member of the Senate committee on the conduct of the war in Lincoln's first administration." Edwards's article continued:

"You doubtless remember," said the senator to Gen. James, "that during a crucial period of the war many malicious stories were in circulation, based upon the suspicion that Mrs. Lincoln was in sympathy with the Confederacy. These reports were inspired by the fact that some of Mrs. Lincoln's relatives were in the Confederate service. At

last reports that were more than vague gossip were brought to the attention of some of my colleagues in the Senate. They made specific accusation that Mrs. Lincoln was giving important information to secret agents of the Confederacy. These reports were laid before my committee and the committee thought it an imperative duty to investigate them . . . One morning our committee purposed taking up the reports that imputed disloyalty to Mrs. Lincoln. The

sessions of the committee were necessarily secret . . . [Suddenly] at the foot of the table, standing solitary, his hat in his hand, his tall form towering above the committee members, Abraham Lincoln stood . . . The President had not been asked to come before the committee, nor was it suspected that he had information that we were to investigate the reports, which, if true, fastened treason upon his family in the White House.

"At last Lincoln . . . said:

"I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, appear of my own volition before this committee of the Senate to say that I, of my own knowledge, know that it is untrue that any of my family hold treasonable communication with the enemy."

" . . . we sat for some moments speechless. Then by tacit agreement, no word being spoken, the committee dropped all consideration of the rumors that the wife of the President was betraying the Union . . . We were so greatly affected that the committee adjourned for the day."

Edwards's article, the original title of which is clipped from the copy of the article in the Lincoln Library and Museum collection, was privately republished as a pamphlet entitled *The Solitude of Abraham Lincoln* by Gilbert A. Tracy in Putnam, Connecticut in 1916. A statement by Tracy in pen on the title page says that only thirty copies were made, and a pencilled statement made on the cover at a later date claims that only sixteen were printed. No alterations were made in the story, and it was published, according to the title page, by permission of the author.

The story would very likely have disappeared into the obscurity typical of stories from rare pamphlets had Emanuel



Thomas L. James.

Courtesy of The New-York Historical Society, New York City
FIGURE 1.

Hertz's *Abraham Lincoln: A New Portrait* (New York: Horace Liveright, 1931) not repeated it (on pages 238-239). Carl Sandburg probably picked it up from Hertz; he did not quote Edwards verbatim, as Hertz had, but the story appears in the second volume of Sandburg's *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1939), pages 199-200. In a chapter about the events of late 1862 and early 1863, Sandburg said that "Senate members of the Committee on the Conduct of the War had set a secret morning session for attention to reports that Mrs. Lincoln was a disloyalist." The poet thus added to Edwards's anecdote a date and one subtle embellishment which will be discussed later.

Again the story seemed likely to vanish from popular consciousness. Despite the fact that it was ready-made ammunition for Mary Lincoln's apologists, the first of a long line of these, Ruth Painter Randall, discredited the account. Her *Mary Lincoln: Biography of a Marriage* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1953) related the story but admitted that the "evidence is too vague and in part inaccurate . . . to justify an established historical conclusion that this incident occurred. One cannot accept Lincoln's words literally from such a long-delayed, indirect account and the dramatization is highly seasoned. The thought comes to mind that this story might be a confused version of Lincoln's interviewing members of the House Judiciary Committee in regard to the Wickoff-Watt imbroglio." Mrs. Randall had seen the story in Hertz's book, and then checked the original clipping in the Lincoln National Life Foundation collection. She used her sources scrupulously and threw cold water on the story, but her condemnation was mild and rather tentative; she felt that the story had at least the virtue of pointing "up the ghastly situation created by the idea that Mrs. Lincoln was disloyal." As a partisan of Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Randall wanted to believe it, but her respect for historical rigor prevented her from doing so.

Early in July, 1973, Connecticut Senator Lowell Weicker read Carl Sandburg's version of the story into the records of the Senate Watergate hearings and into the political conscience of the nation. Weicker read the anecdote before a national television audience to show that the first Republican President had been willing to give testimony before a congressional committee. Senator Weicker's staff may have picked the story up from the newspapers. Bob Cromie had printed the anecdote as supplied by Lincoln-student Ralph Newman in the *Chicago Tribune* of June 2, 1973. The story was repeated by Philip Warden eleven days later in the same newspaper.

This political use of the Edwards-James-Sandburg story gave it a currency that no attempt simply to dramatize Lincoln's beleaguered presidency or to defend Mrs. Lincoln's reputation could have provided. Almost overnight Lincoln's visit to the Committee became not an obscure anecdote but an important moral, if not legal, precedent. Weicker willingly quoted the statement that Lincoln "had not been asked to come before the committee." Senator Ervin, Chairman of the Senate Watergate Committee, never held that the Committee could issue a subpoena for President Nixon's testimony, and the Lincoln story was left as a moral example of willingness to volunteer information. President Ford has tacitly testified to the power of the moral example by appearing voluntarily before a congressional committee himself.

II. Is the Story True?

To date, Ruth Painter Randall is the principal, if reluctant, challenger of the story's truthfulness. She noted immediately that the Committee on the Conduct of the War was a *joint* committee made up of members from both houses of Congress. Thus E.J. Edwards's original article erred in terming it a Senate committee. Here Sandburg's embellishment becomes important. He also knew the Committee was a joint committee, but the poet in him liked the drama and solemnity of the occasion. Although he did not quote the story entirely from Edwards (via Hertz), Sandburg did seize on such dramatic passages from the original account as these for their literary impact: "Had he come by some incantation, thus of a sudden appearing before us unannounced, we could not have been more astounded"; the president's eyes revealed "above all an indescribable sense of his complete isolation." Therefore Sandburg's quiet alteration of the original words "member of the Senate committee" to "Senate members of the Committee" is proof that he did not possess Mrs. Randall's

respect for historical rigor and discipline; he wrote what he wanted to believe and was willing to alter the record to fit it. In so doing, he also gave the story new life, for he thus eliminated the one glaring error which would have tipped off everyone thereafter that the story was based on very flimsy evidence. Even the most cursory glance at the multi-volume reports of the Committee on the Conduct of the War reveals that they were signed by House members as well as Senate members.

Sandburg, however, nearly made a serious error of his own by claiming that the Committee "set a secret morning session" to investigate the rumors. Edwards had said that the Committee's sessions were "necessarily secret." In fact, *all* sessions of the Committee on the Conduct of the War were held in secret. As a committee set up to investigate military operations during wartime, it could hardly have held *public* sessions with any hope of gaining testimony from the generals it interviewed. Edwards's version, of course, left open the possibility that *all* sessions were secret; Sandburg's version came nearer implying that this session was unique for its secrecy.

There are more reasons to doubt the story than these. Sandburg, probably for stylistic reasons, eliminated Edwards's remark that the anecdote had been "related to Gen. Thomas L. James at the time he was Postmaster General in Garfield's Cabinet." This time unconsciously, Sandburg considerably improved on the original by expanding the period of time in which the anecdote could have been told. According to the original version, however, this time was very limited, for Garfield was President for only six months, being assassinated in September of the first year of his administration. Postmaster General James, then, had to hear the anecdote from a Senate member of the Committee on the Conduct of the War in 1881.

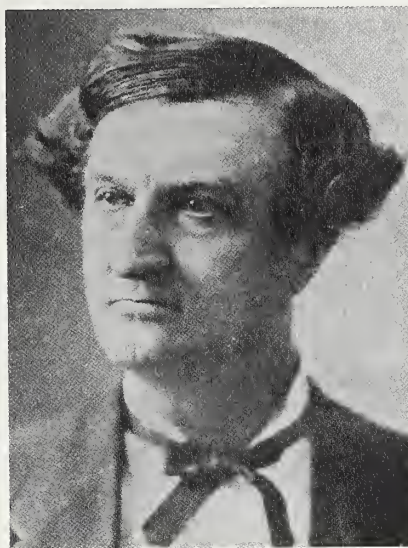
The problem is that most of these men were dead by then. Senator Benjamin Franklin Wade of Ohio, Chairman of the Committee, died in 1878. Senator Zachariah Chandler, who also served on the Committee throughout the war years, died in 1879. Tennessee's Andrew Johnson, who served on the Committee only until he became military governor of Tennessee in 1862, died in 1875. Senator Joseph A. Wright of Indiana also served on the Committee for a brief period, but he died in 1867. Only two other senators ever served on the Committee. One was Pennsylvania's Charles Rollin Buckalew, who was not elected to the Senate until 1863. The other was Oregon's Benjamin Franklin Harding, who served in the Senate only after December 1, 1862 (he filled the seat vacated by the death of Lincoln's friend Edward D. Baker). Buckalew and Harding both lived until 1899.

If Thomas L. James heard the anecdote in 1881 from a Senator who had been a member of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, he heard it from Buckalew or Harding. Buckalew seems an unlikely candidate because he was a Democrat. James was a long-time Republican, and it is doubtful that he had any special relationship with Buckalew. The Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War could meet without a quorum. In practice, this meant that no Democratic members of the Committee had to be present at the sessions, and critics of the Committee frequently complained that the minority members were ignored. It seems very doubtful indeed that Republicans would have invited Buckalew to be present at a meeting discussing rumors which, if true, would have doomed the Republican administration and probably destroyed the party. Moreover, Buckalew left the Senate for good after his one term. If James heard the story from this Democrat, either the Postmaster General travelled to Pennsylvania to see him, or Buckalew travelled to Washington, for Buckalew returned to Washington as a Representative only in 1887.

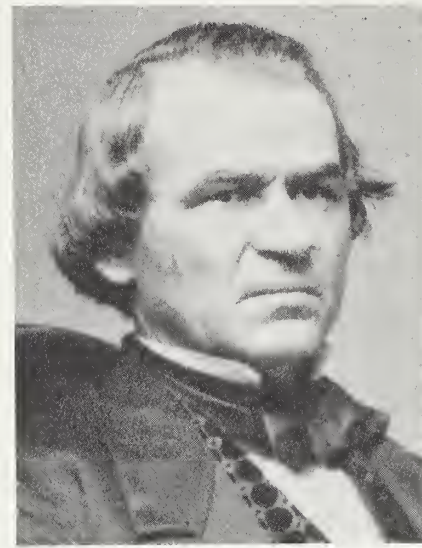
B.F. Harding, on the other hand, was a Republican like James; this fact increases the possibility of intimacy with James and the all-important possibility that Harding might have been privy to a meeting of such critical importance to the Republican party as the one Edwards and James described. However, Harding served only one term as United States Senator. According to a biographical sketch supplied by the Oregon Historical Society, Harding "retired" to Oregon after 1865 and died there thirty-four years later. He did not hold any national office, elective or appointive, after 1865. Unless James (a New Yorker) visited Oregon or Harding visited Washington, it is impossible for James to have heard the story from this, the only Republican senator who had served on the



Benjamin F. Wade

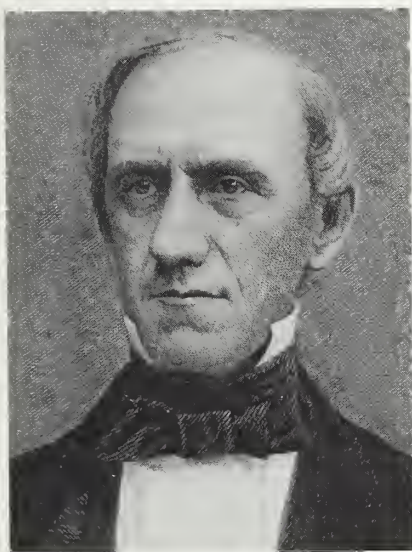


Zachariah Chandler



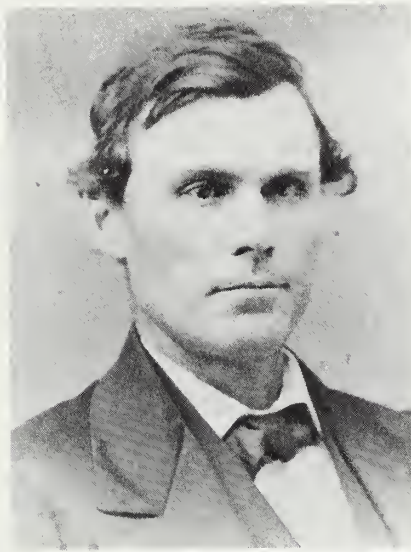
Pictures from the Lincoln National Life Foundation

Andrew Johnson



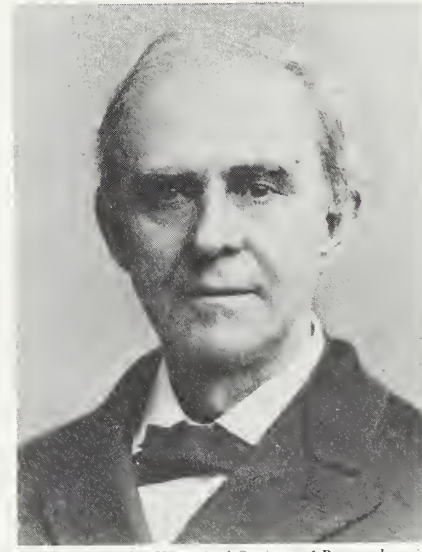
From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

Joseph A. Wright



*From the Oregon Historical Society,
Portland*

Benjamin F. Harding



*From the Historical Society of Pennsylvania,
Philadelphia*

Charles R. Buckalew

FIGURE 2. COMMITTEE ON THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR, SENATE MEMBERS

The popular view of the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War stems primarily from T. Harry Williams's first book, *Lincoln and the Radicals* ([Madison]: University of Wisconsin Press, 1941). Written with the flamboyance and combativeness of youth, *Lincoln and the Radicals* bristles with sharp characterizations and strong language. Members of the more anti-slavery wing of the Republican party are consistently called "Jacobins"; Thaddeus Stevens was "caustic, terrifying, clubfooted"; the radicals were "in the embarrassing, and often sinister, position of regarding Union defeats on the battlefield as helpful to their cause." Against the onslaught of these Huns, Abraham Lincoln was, "Like the Lucretia threatened with ravishment, he averted his fate by instant compliance." The Committee's popular reputation fell to such a low level that Harry S. Truman claimed in his *Memoirs* in 1955 that, when he was a Senator during World War II, he set up a congressional investigation in such a way as to avoid the errors of that earlier congressional committee, which had been "of material assistance to the Confederacy." Lincoln's image changed before that of the Committee did, and historians came increasingly to see President Lincoln as an assertive and adept politician who steered the country's course between the radicals and the conservatives in the party. Thus the Committee was still seen as malign in nature, but it was no longer deemed to have influential and inquisitorial power over Union policy. Hans L. Trefousse's article, "The Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War: A Reassessment," *Civil War History*, X (March, 1964), 5-19, thus reversed Williams's view of the relationship between the President and the Committee: "In many ways he used the group, taking advantage of its impatience in a manner so skillful as to bring about great reforms despite conservative opposition." To date, there is no full-length study of the work of the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War, although the records of the testimony given before the Committee have been mined by numerous military historians. Such a study, especially if done with a careful eye to distinctions between decisions based on military considerations and decisions based on political considerations, would serve a useful purpose.

Committee who was still alive in 1881.

Examined closely, the story of the Lincoln visit to the Committee on the Conduct of the War vanishes after improbabilities are stacked on improbabilities. To narrow the evidence to manageable form for verification is a relatively simple task. Ignoring Edwards's mistake about the make-up of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, the curious student can very quickly show that only two men, one a Democrat, neither important figures in Congress or on the Committee (which was dominated by its energetic chairman), could possibly have told James the story. Both had been out of national public office for over a decade by 1881. The man in nearby Pennsylvania was a Democrat who probably would not have been present at the alleged session; the Republican lived a continent apart from Washington, D.C.

III. Why Believe It?

The remarkable thing is less that the evidence proves flimsy upon examination than that no one has bothered particularly to examine it. Myths feed on a greater willingness to use a story than to study it. Over the years, the Edwards-James story has served several different causes.

Almost everything written to date on the Committee on the Conduct of the War stems from the period when the abolitionists were taking a beating at the hands of American historians and when every effort was made to delineate a gulf between those Republicans with abolitionist leanings and their President. Edwards's own anecdote was largely free of taking sides in the factional dispute. Edwards said nothing harsh about the Committee, and indeed the story is supposed to have come from a member of that very Committee. Yet it was easily adaptable in other hands to that anti-abolitionist animus, and it was to that factional end that Sandburg used the story. He prefaced it with a description of "the snarling chaos of the winter of 1862-63." Amidst mutterings of "a secret movement to impeach President Lincoln," Sandburg said, "Stubbornly had he followed his own middle course, earning in both parties enemies who for different reasons wanted him out of the way." Conveniently, the names of the "radical Republicans who took part in the secret movement, . . . could only be guessed." Edwards's anecdote, though this was not its original intent, was readily adaptable for those who wished to prove the unreasonableness and immoderation of Lincoln's factional opposition.

The anecdote was kept alive by other motives. Although Ruth Painter Randall's biography of Mary Todd Lincoln gave it more dignity than it deserved by saying that it at least showed the sort of problems this Southern First Lady could have, she rejected it. Her followers have been less careful. Irving Stone's *Love Is Eternal* (1954), a sympathetic account of the Lincolns' domestic life, was a novel and could therefore invoke the story in an effort to depict the unfairness and malignity of Mrs. Lincoln's critics (see pages 380-382). Margaret Bassett's *Abraham & Mary Todd Lincoln* (1973), also a sympathetic account of Mrs. Lincoln, cited Mrs. Randall's book in the bibliography but nevertheless said that Mary Todd's character "became so much a public issue that the President was impelled to say to Congress that he guaranteed his wife's loyalty." Ishbel Ross also noted "a deep debt of gratitude to the late Ruth Painter Randall" for her sympathetic research on Mrs. Lincoln. Nevertheless, Ms. Ross's *The President's Wife: Mary Todd Lincoln* (1973) states that "It has become legendary that when he [Lincoln] heard what was afoot, he walked alone to the Capitol and appeared suddenly before the committee."

There are doubtless two forces at work here, perhaps indistinguishably. One reason for the relatively new desire to believe the best of Mary Todd and the worst of her enemies is the feminist movement which is causing a great deal of interest in the role of women in history and which allows us, for example, to see Mary Todd Lincoln's interest in politics as a forward-looking escape from the nineteenth-century female stereotype rather than as an inappropriate meddlesomeness. At the same time, some authors use the story for the sake of an almost Victorian sentimentalism, replacing the First Lady on her dignified pedestal far from the vulgar vipers in Congress. Neither form of Mary Lincoln apologetics, however, was strong enough on its own to launch the story to national popular mythic status.

That leap required powerful political motives, by which I do

not necessarily mean "party" motive (Senator Weicker is, or was, a member of the same party as Presidents Lincoln and Nixon). The fact of the matter is, nevertheless, that the anecdote was again useful to those who wished a standard of presidential accountability different from that of the incumbent President's. Use was still the criterion, and not intellectual curiosity. After President Nixon suggested a parallel between his own beleaguered presidency and Lincoln's, *Time* magazine's Hugh Sidey (in the February 25, 1974 issue) could quote historians Bruce Catton, Richard Current, and David Donald that they found the parallel forced and selective (President Nixon's speech, they said, notably ignored Lincoln's reputation for honesty). Yet *Time* did not bring up a similar battery of Lincoln historians to testify about the alleged appearance before the Committee on the Conduct of the War.

The myth of Lincoln's defense of his wife before Ben Wade's Committee is based on flimsy evidence and a great deal of desire—desire to make the abolitionists look bad, desire to make Mrs. Lincoln's critics seem at once unreasonable and influential, and desire to prescribe a standard of political behavior for today's Presidents. Whatever the merit of these desires, no cause is well served by making precedents from shoddy anecdotes. We have been watching the birth of a myth; let us hope soon to see its quiet demise.



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

FIGURE 3. Mary Todd Lincoln in 1863

Mary Todd Lincoln (1818-1882), daughter of Robert Smith Todd and Eliza Parker Todd, was born on December 13, 1818, in Lexington, Kentucky. Although there is little information available on the above picture, it was supposedly taken "in the autumn of 1863" and the print was "the right-hand image of a stereograph card published by E. & H.T. Anthony Company in 1865." Mrs. Lincoln is wearing the same mourning attire that she wore for many months after the death of her third son Willie in February, 1862. See *The Photographs of Mary Todd Lincoln*, (1969) by Lloyd Ostendorf.

(DUPLICATE)

ORIGINAL FILED:
DAVIS, VARINA HOWELL

The Dames of The Loyal Legion of the United States



FIRST LADIES OF THE CIVIL WAR

VARINA HOWELL DAVIS and MARY TODD LINCOLN

FIRST LADIES OF THE CIVIL WAR

The author, Miss Jann-Paul Uldrick, of Severna Park, Maryland, is a student at the Severn Preparatory School in Anne Arundel County, Maryland. The paper was chosen by the Dames of the Loyal Legion of the United States for their literary award given in Washington on February 12, 1975.

* * * * *

In Montgomery, Alabama, on February 18, 1861, Jefferson Davis was Inaugurated as the first Provisional President of the Confederate States of America; in Washington, D.C., on March 4, 1861, Abraham Lincoln was sworn in as the sixteenth President of the United States of America. Thus, for the first time in the history of the United States, our country had two governments, two Presidents, and two First Ladies. American history students are well informed concerning the two governments and the two Presidents but possess little knowledge of the two First Ladies — Varina Howell Davis and Mary Todd Lincoln. It is this writer's purpose to give some insight into the lives of these two outstanding personalities.

It is astonishing that these two women, so unlike in many ways, should possess so many similarities. Both ladies were Southerners with illustrious ancestors dating back to the American Revolution.¹ Both were well educated for their time and possessed great interest in politics. Neither woman was first choice of the man she married and the men chosen were many years older than their wives.² Both Varina and Mary took great pride in their husbands and had high aspirations for them. Both had a tendency to pry into their husbands' affairs and sometimes made political enemies for them. Both ladies lost a child before entering and while in the White House, and each had at least one bad carriage accident with dire consequences. Both had deep religious convictions. Both were vain of their appearance and loved extravagant clothing. Both First Ladies were severely criticized while in the White House for entertaining too little or too lavishly. The years following the Civil War were tragic and heartrending for both Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Lincoln. Each First Lady outlived her husband by seventeen years.

Varina Howell, the daughter of William Burr Howell and Margaret Louisa Kempe Howell, was born on May 6, 1826, and spent her girlhood on "The Briers" plantation near Natchez, Mississippi. She was well educated for her time, tutoring with Judge George Winchester for many years and spending two years at Madame Greenland's select school in Philadelphia. She met Jefferson Davis, a Mississippi planter and a West Point graduate, in 1844 while on a visit to his brother Joseph's plantation near Vicksburg, Mississippi. Her beauty and intelligence attracted him almost immediately, and the two were married on February 26, 1845. The Davises were a close and affectionate couple, his nickname for her "Winnie" and hers for him "Banny". "Mrs. Davis lived in close intellectual companionship with her husband. Though brought up a Whig, she eventually accepted his politics (Democrat), became jealously aware of his reputation, and was keenly sensitive to any

¹Mrs. Davis' grandfather, Richard Howell, was Revolutionary governor of New Jersey. Mrs. Lincoln's great-grandfather, Andrew Porter, was a Revolutionary general and her grandfather, Levi Todd, participated in the Battle of Blue Licks and served as major-general of militia.

²Davis was fifteen years older than Varina; Lincoln, 10 years older than Mary.

criticism of his political theories." Varina Davis was considered by most to be a beauty. She was tall and slender with dark hair and deep brown eyes which Harnett Kane in *Bride of Fortune* describes as "eyes . . . the color of the Spanish sherry in the glasses."

Jefferson Davis was elected a representative to Congress in 1845, but resigned the next year when the Mexican War broke out. Though young in years Varina Davis was quite capable, and while her husband was away she took sole charge of Brierfield and its management. She was also a devoted nurse to her husband, attending him day and night when he suffered his periodic bouts of acute inflammation of the eye. Mrs. Davis constantly served as her husband's secretary in order to save his eyesight. Kane mentions that her writing became so like her husband's that Davis' correspondents often commented on their amazement that such a busy and important person as Jefferson Davis could take the time to personally answer all his correspondence.

In 1847 Mississippi sent Davis to the United States Senate. Varina found life in Washington exciting and soon discovered that she possessed a type of good looks that made an impression even here although her Southern colloquialisms, such as "cudd'n" for cousin and "I went to a speaking," were regarded by the Washingtonians as amusing. She was a brilliant hostess and a vivacious talker. While her husband was a Senator and later when he was Secretary of War, the drawing room of their home was the scene of many distinguished gatherings. "The Davises were the center of a delightful coterie in Washington; Mrs. Davis, witty and charming, drew all sorts of people into her drawing room." Upon being in Washington for the first time, Varina was "overcome by her pride of her husband's elevation. Being of an ambitious nature, she was gratified by her social success in Washington."

Mary Todd was born to Eliza Parker and Robert S. Todd on December 13, 1818, in Lexington, Kentucky, and was reared amid genteel surroundings. She had five brothers and sisters and eight step-brothers and -sisters. Four of the Parker-Todd children were said to have had "abnormal personalities." Mary was a better-educated woman than many of her contemporaries. She attended the select academy of Dr. John Ward where she learned French and the social graces. In 1837 she visited Springfield, Illinois, and moved there in 1839 to live with her sister. "Aided by her own accomplishments, she became a belle in the fashionable society of Springfield, and her acquaintance among people of political importance was extensive." Here she met Abraham Lincoln, a homely young lawyer, and was married to him on November 4, 1842. The ring that Abraham gave his bride was a plain gold band inscribed "Love is Eternal."

The Lincolns retained a residence in Springfield until 1861. Unfavorable things were said of their domestic life, and even her friends admitted that Mary's temperament was difficult. Her background and outlook differed markedly from those of her husband and she was unsympathetic toward his family. "Despite Lincoln's awkwardness they moved in the best of local society; but in their home there was a limited hospitality." Mrs. Lincoln tried to be a stunning triumph in style and fashion. Her housekeeping was meticulous and she usually had her own way in the household. She never got along well with the servants and they had to be bribed by Lincoln to remain. She bore four children and, ". . . despite her emotional highs and lows, Mary Lincoln was a consistently good mother and a generous one." Although Mary gave up a great deal in order to marry Lincoln, she was both devoted to and very possessive of him. Her jealousies were easily aroused and she was always demanding proof of his love for her. She had a violent temper and often suffered from headaches. But, her whims and unpleasantness seemed to make her husband more patient, tolerant, and forgiving. Many people felt sorry for Mary because she had married such a homely man when she could have chosen a more distinguished one. But,

as she told Ward Lamon after her marriage, "Mr. Lincoln is to be President of the United States some day; if I had not thought so I would not have married him, for you can see he is not pretty."

Lincoln, accompanied by his family, went to Washington, D.C., in 1847 as a Representative from Illinois. Mary set out determined to conquer the city but, sadly, her presence there seems to have made little impression.

Mary Todd and Abraham Lincoln were not a well-matched couple in many respects. She was short and plump; he was tall and lean. She moved fast and had a quick temper; he was easygoing and slowmoving. Her background was aristocratic; his, humble. She was proud and wanted a "fine" reputation; his tastes were simple. But was he not ambitious and concerned about "reputation" in perhaps a more subtle way? Her determination and ambition were far more intense than his and she kept him moving.

Varina Davis was thirty-five years old and the mother of three children when she became the First Lady of the Confederacy. William Howell Russell, the English war correspondent, describes her as "a comely, sprightly woman, verging on matronhood, of good figure and manners, well dressed, ladylike, and clever." She liked to wear a rose in her dark hair and had a preference for gorgeous white silk dresses. One who saw her for the first time remarked, "She is brimming with zest for life." Mrs. Davis did not reach Montgomery in time to see her husband inaugurate Provisional President of the Confederate States of America. She and her three children arrived in Montgomery on March 4, 1861, to occupy the lovely two-story dwelling which was now called the White House of the Confederacy. With her she brought some of her heirlooms from Brierfield. Varina made the White House the center of much social activity, entertaining with brilliant levees, dinners, and luncheons. Some envious Southern ladies called her "Queen Varina."

When the capital was moved to Richmond in July, the city welcomed her and an elegant, spacious residence became the new Confederate White House. To go with it were a handsome carriage and four white horses. The newspapers praised Varina's appearance and dignity, and an Englishman, the Reverend Malet, summed up the city's general verdict of the First Lady by saying, "Mrs. Davis is the right lady in the right place."

Varina Davis was schooled in the social graces. She knew how to turn on charm and was an instinctive hostess. She loved to talk men's talk, sometimes going too far in talking of politics and thereby making enemies for her President-husband. She delighted in the diplomatic society of Richmond and, being able to entertain at a minute's notice, the Davises received callers continuously. Varina received every man with a pleasant welcome and "made the lowliest feel as if he were present by right." She had a much more worldly sense than did her husband and became very upset at "the carping and faultfinding" that the President was subjected to. Although she made enemies of some of the more aristocratic ladies in Richmond, she had many friends and truly enjoyed being First Lady. As the noted diarist Mary Chestnut once remarked after being away from Richmond for awhile, "After being accustomed to the spice and spirit of her (Varina's) conversation, when one is away from her, things seem flat and tame for awhile."

Mrs. Davis was very dedicated to the war cause. She often wept to learn that the South had lost a battle. She was frequently seen going to the hospitals carrying large baskets of goodies to cheer up the wounded soldiers. At Christmastime she planned gay parties for soldiers on leave and for distinguished foreign visitors.

Even with all her political experience the First Lady of the Confederacy never anticipated, when her husband was inaugurated, that events would be shaped as they were. She believed that it was the Southern malcontents, not the Northern armies, that destroyed her husband. After she had fled from Richmond towards the

end of the war, she wrote many letters to her husband. Hearing of the surrender at Appomattox she wrote to Davis from Abbeville, South Carolina, advising him not to risk capture by trying to join her and to leave his escort and ride alone in order to cover more ground in less time. In the same letter she apologized for meddling so much in his affairs. Eliza Frances Andrews of Washington, Georgia, records in her diary on April 30, 1865: "The poor woman (Mrs. Davis) is in a deplorable condition — no home, no money, and her husband a fugitive. She says she sold her plate in Richmond, and in the stampede from that place the money, all but fifty dollars, was left behind." Davis finally caught up with his family and, after being with them for one night, was persuaded by Varina to leave them. Just as he was leaving he heard a federal officer shout "Halt!"; and, as he was planning what to do Varina flung her arms around his neck, thus saving his life but making impossible any chance for escape. And so, on May 10, 1865, near the little town of Irwinsville, Georgia, Jefferson Davis was captured and Varina Davis became the ex-First Lady of the Confederate States of America.

"No President's wife in history had a more turbulent career in the White House than Mary Todd Lincoln." Coming to Washington in a time of war and panic, Mrs. Lincoln was criticized sharply. A native of Kentucky and better-educated than any previous First Lady, she was regarded by many as a traitor to her class. Mrs. Lincoln was called the "black Republican woman," and people were suspicious of her because she had half-brothers who were fighting for the Confederacy. Even as she came to the White House there were rumors about Washington that the First Lady was a Rebel and a spy. Despite these degrading accounts, the new President's wife came to "power" with a positive attitude. At her first reception, the largest ever seen by many at the White House, she stood patiently by Lincoln's side in the receiving line for over two hours, shaking hands with all who passed by. "She appeared remarkably well and performed her part of the honors . . . with that propriety which consistently blends all the graces with an unreserved dignity."

Mary Lincoln redecorated and transformed the White House completely soon after becoming First Lady and, much to Lincoln's distress, went \$7,000 over her appropriation. She loved beautiful clothes and always outshone her husband in dress and manner. Nothing pleased her more than to be complimented on her appearance. She searched for and knew her own best features and far outshone her husband in taste. Lincoln, as President, said, "My wife is as handsome as when she was a girl and I, a poor nobody then, fell in love with her; and what is more, I have never fell out."

Although Lincoln's wife performed her duties as First Lady sufficiently, there was much question as to her mental stability. Her efforts as First Lady were hampered by a nervous temperament, loose tongue, and a mind filled with delusions. No doubt the death of her son Willie in 1862 had a negative effect on her state of mind. Her temper was a severe obstacle to her husband's public life. Mary failed to appreciate the public nature of being First Lady and criticized sharply men in high government positions. She nagged Lincoln about appointments and interfered in shaping policy, conceiving her position as having governmental as well as social privileges. Mary said that she meddled in the President's affairs in order to protect him from schemers and traitors, and the nagging wife resulted from pride in her husband. She was very possessive and was jealous of any woman who looked at Lincoln. Although she herself was sometimes flirtatious, she resented her husband giving the slightest bit of attention to another woman.

Mary Lincoln was much more religious than Abraham, never missing church on Sunday. She even claimed to have spiritual endowments, and believed that the Cabinet members were plotting against the President and would have to be dismissed. Mary was very superstitious and believed in omens. One night before his

first inauguration, Lincoln awoke very pale. Mary instantly believed that this was a sign that her husband would be elected, to a second term but that he would die before it was over.

Although there was much gossip that Mrs. Lincoln was a spy for the Confederacy, these imputations of disloyalty were unfounded. The Union cause was one of the strongest forces in her life. During the war she went around to various hospitals carrying flowers and food to the wounded soldiers. When the war was close at end she exclaimed with joy in a letter to Sumner, "We have been within six miles of Richmond, the promised land . . . there is no such word as fail now."

On the night of April 14, 1865, only five days after Lee's surrender to Grant, Lincoln took Mary and two guests to Ford's Theater to see the comedy "Our American Cousin." Lincoln was in exceptional spirits but Mary was suffering with a headache and only went to please her husband. During the play Mrs. Lincoln found herself nestled against her husband looking affectionately at him. Realizing the awkwardness of a President and First Lady being seen like this in public, she inquired, "What will Miss Harris think of my hanging on to you so?" His answer, the last words she was ever to hear him speak, was "She won't think anything about it." Then a shot rang out and Mary started screaming. Throughout the night she kissed Abraham's face, praying for death so that she could once more be with her dead husband. Upon returning to the White House she refused to sleep in the bed where they had been together. She refused to leave the White House until she was finally told by government officials that she must leave in order to make the House available to the new President and his family. Broken by tragedy, Mary Todd Lincoln left the executive mansion and returned to Springfield, the home of happier days.

After the Civil War, Varina Davis made long and untiring efforts for her husband's release from Fortress Monroe in Virginia. It distressed her to hear that he was going blind and she continuously wrote letters to try to secure lawyers for his defense. Upon hearing rumors that Davis was dying, she wired President Johnson and finally obtained permission to see her husband. She was given a casemate in the fort and lived near her husband until his release in 1867. After spending some time in Europe the Davises retired to the plantation "Beauvoir" in Mississippi. Once again she served as his secretary while he wrote *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*. It was at Beauvoir, after her husband's death in 1889, that Varina Davis wrote her one important work — a two-volume biography titled *Jefferson Davis, Ex-President of the Confederate States of America: A Memoir*. Shortly after its completion she bequeathed Beauvoir to the state of Mississippi and, accompanied by her daughter Winnie, went to New York where she wrote for periodicals and magazines. She died on October 16, 1906, surviving all but one of her six children. "The whole of her later life was filled with bitter trials in which she was sustained by her deeply religious nature."

After the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, the troubles of Mary Todd Lincoln multiplied. Finally, in 1870, Congress granted her a gift of \$15,000 and an annual pension of \$3,000 which was increased to \$5,000 in 1882. Her son Tad died in 1871 leaving only one of her four sons. The certain mental instability that had marked all her years became more pronounced now and, after having been found insane by the courts, she spent several months in a private sanitarium. She was then given a second trial and declared to be sane and again able to manage her estate. After several years of foreign travel she spent her last days in the home of her sister in Springfield. She died of paralysis on January 16, 1882.

And so were the lives of these two most remarkable women, Varina Howell Davis and Mary Todd Lincoln, the only two who ever served as First Ladies concurrently and during the only time that our country was ever engaged in a War Between the States.

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file: Mary Todd Lincoln

THE RISE OF
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

EDMUND MORRIS



COWARD, McCANN & GEOGHEGAN, INC.
NEW YORK 1979

and of course do not expect it." ²⁷ Eventually he announced that he had decided to aid the war effort in a civilian capacity, and, true to his nature, soon found a charitable cause.

Already, in these early days of war, millions of government dollars were flowing through the pockets of Union soldiers and into the hands of sutlers, who infested military camps, hawking bottles of liquor hidden in loaves of bread. The sutlers charged such exorbitant prices that their customers soon had no money left to send home to their families. It was to right this wrong that Theodore Senior set off to Washington, and, conquering his natural distaste for politics, began to lobby for remedial legislation.

With two colleagues, he drafted a bill for the appointment of unpaid Allotment Commissioners, who would visit all military camps and persuade soldiers to set aside voluntary pay deductions for the family support. This proposal, which has since become standard military practice, seemed eccentric, if not downright suspect, in 1861, as a family friend recalled many years later:

For three months they worked in Washington to secure the passage of this act—delayed by the utter inability of Congressmen to understand why anyone should urge a bill from which no one could selfishly secure an advantage. When this was passed he was appointed by President Lincoln one of the three Commissioners from this State. For long, weary months, in the depth of a hard winter, he went from camp to camp, urging the men to take advantage of this plan; on the saddle often six to eight hours a day, standing in the cold and mud as long, addressing the men and entering their names. This resulted in sending many millions of dollars to homes where it was greatly needed, kept the memory of wives and children fresh in the minds of the soldiers, and greatly improved their morale. Other States followed, and the economical results were very great. ²⁸

It is significant that Theodore Junior, when he came to write his own autobiography, made no mention whatsoever of his father's role in the Civil War—his invariable practice being to leave painful memories unspoken, "until they are too dead to throb." ²⁹ To serve in mufti was, in his opinion, something less than manly, and his tacit disapproval of the episode is the only indication that Theodore Senior was ever less

How much Teedie's asthma was aggravated by the absence of his father may be inferred from some affectionate remarks he made thirty-seven years later to Lincoln Steffens, after a steeplechase which left the reporter breathless:

Handsome dandy that he was, the thought of him now and always has been a sense of comfort. I could breathe, I could sleep, when he had me in his arms. My father—he got me breath, he got me lungs, strength—life."

When Theodore Senior finally came home, on leave of absence from Washington, the garden behind 28 East Twentieth Street was lush with summer, the children were better, and his own mood had vastly improved. He was able to tell stories of rides with President and Mrs. Lincoln, who had apparently fallen victim—as everybody did sooner or later—to his charm. The First Lady even took him shopping and asked him to choose bonnets for her."

The effect of his lusty reappearance in the household was like a tonic to his women and children. The latter especially worshiped him "as though he were a sort of benevolent Norse god." "During morning prayers they would compete for the privilege of sitting in the "cubby-hole"—a favored stretch of sofa between his body and the mahogany arm. Later in the day, when he was away at work, they would wait for him on the piazza behind the house, until his key rattled in the latch and he burst upon them, laden with ice cream and peaches. He would feed the fruit to them as they lay spread-eagled on the edge of the piazza, allowing the juice to drip down into the garden. Afterward they would troop into his room to look on while he undressed, eagerly watching his pockets for the "treasures"—heavy male trinkets which he would solemnly deposit in the box on his dressing-table, or, on occasion, present to a lucky child." This ritual would one day be faithfully reproduced by the President of the United States before his own children.

Despite the joy Theodore Senior felt at being at home again, he lost no time in restoring paternal discipline. It was during this summer that the naughty Teedie felt for the first time the weight of his father's hand.

STATE UNIVERSITY
OF NEW YORK
DOWNSTATE MEDICAL CENTER

• DEPARTMENT OF ENVIRONMENTAL MEDICINE
AND COMMUNITY HEALTH

May 15, 1981

Dr. R. Gerald McMurtry
Ft. Wayne, Indiana

Dear Dr. McMurtry,

Richard E. Sloan, former Editor of THE LINCOLN LOG , suggested that you might be able to help me.

I am doing some research on the case of Mary Harris (see enclosed narrative summary). After Mary Harris was in jail (2/1/1865) and before President Lincoln was shot, Mary Lincoln sent flowers to her jail cell according to the court reporter's official transcript:

It may not be improper to state that Mr. Voorhees here alludes to a beautiful bouquet sent to the prisoner by Mrs. Lincoln before the White House had been darkened by murder, the centre flower of which signified, in botanical language, "Trust in me."

Footnote by James O. Clephane, court reporter
(U.S. Congressman Daniel W. Voorhees was one of the defense lawyers)

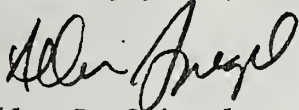
Is it possible to confirm the fact of Mary Lincoln sending the flowers?
Can the specific type of flowers be identified?

If possible, I would also appreciate information about the Mary Harris case generally, if you have such data on hand. I am particularly concerned with discovering information about the whereabouts of Mary Harris after 1887 when her husband died in DC.

Of course, information about any of the participants in the trial would also be helpful.

Thanking you in advance for your effort and interest, I am

Sincerely yours,



Allen D. Spiegel

P.S. Please excuse the copy, but I am asking a number of people for information.

Of course, I am sure that you are aware that VOORHEES and HUGHES came from Indiana. I have a good deal of information on them but would be interested in learning if either DWV or JH commented on the Mary Harris case in diaries or other documents. Secy. of the Treasury Hugh McCULLOCH was instrumental in the trial testify as to the mental condition of Mary Harris. At the time Burroughs worked for him in the Comptroller of the Treasury office.

MURDER AT THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT - DARLING

On January 30, 1865, Mary Harris shot and killed Adoniram Judson Burroughs in the Treasury Department building in Washington, D.C. He was a clerk in the fourth auditor's office and was on his way home after work about 4:00 PM. Miss Harris fired two shots and Burroughs died shortly thereafter. When questioned, Miss Harris said that Burroughs had promised to marry her but had jilted her and married Amelia L. Boggs of Chicago because she came from a wealthy family.

Miss Harris was taken to the City jail at 4th and G Streets NW and remained there until her trial. There were several postponements and the legal defense assembled during that period. Leading counsel was Joseph H. Bradley, Sr. along with Daniel W. Voorhees, Judge James Hughes, Judge Charles Mason and William Y. Fendall. Mason was from Iowa as was Mary Harris. Hughes and Voorhees were from Indiana. Bradley and Fendall were from DC. All had Southern leanings and were anti-Republican and anti-Lincoln. Hughes had supported the Union side but there were doubts raised.

For the prosecution, Edward C. Carrington was the US District Attorney for DC and Nathaniel Wilson was the Assistant DA on the Harris case.

The trial began on July 3, 1865 in the Supreme Court of DC sitting as a criminal court. Associate Judge Andrew Wylie presided. The trial lasted about two weeks and Miss Harris was acquitted on July 19, 1865 based a defense of proxymal insanity. An overwhelming majority of the newspapers criticized the trial and the decision. DC justice was ridiculed; Judge Wylie was called biased; the jury was accused of being loafers and court room hangers-on.

Mary Harris was freed and went to live with the Devlins in Richmond under an assumed name. When the elder Devlin married, Mary tried to stab the intended husband with a knife. She was brought to DC and met Mr. Bradley and Dr. Nichols at a hotel and agreed to be confined to the Govt. Hospital for the Insane in early 1867. She had three separate admissions before she was released in 1881. During one of her confinements, Mary escaped on July 5, 1873 and was recaptured on July 26, 1873 in Philadelphia. It is possible that between admissions she worked in the post office in Philadelphia.

About October 31, 1883, Mary Harris married Mr. Bradley in Philadelphia - he was 80 and she was 40. They resided in DC; Mr. Bradley's wife had died in 1870. In 1887, Mr. Bradley died.

Daniel W. VOORHEES was a Representative from Indiana in Congress. He rode the circuit with Lincoln in Illinois. He opposed Govt. policies in Congress. Was considered "copperhead." James HUGHES was a judge on the US Court of Claims. He was involved with O.H. Browning, James W. Singleton and others in getting Lincoln to allow them to buy confederate cotton in late 1864 and early 1865. Lincoln wrote passes for Hughes and Singleton and a letter to Grant about seeing Hughes. Some question as to whether Grant burned the cotton. Joseph H. BRADLEY, Sr. was the top-notch criminal lawyer of his day. He was the planner for the Lincoln funeral procession in DC and choose the Marshalls. Controversy arose over people selected for Marshalls who were Southern leaners and not solid Republicans. He defended John H. Surratt and was asked for by Herod but had to decline. Associate Judge Andrew WYLIE was the only person to vote for Lincoln in Alexandria, Va. in 186. He also issued the Habeas Corpus writ for Mary Surratt on Friday, July 7, 1865. James O. CLEPHANE, court reporter, was the promoter of the Linotype machine invented by O. Mergenthaler. He testified at Johnson's impeachment. Was brother of Lewis Clephane, the founder of the Republican party in DC. Dr. Charles H. NICHOLS testified that Paine was insane, that Guiteau was insane and was premier legal expert on insanity. Often at White House levees. Charles MASON was first in West Point class ahead of # 2 grad-Robt. E. Lee. Was copperhead from Burlington, Iowa

PRESIDENTIAL ASSASSINATION CONSPIRACY

Was Abraham Lincoln's death plotted by his wife?

CONSPIRACY theories abound about recent presidential assassinations, but what happens when an assassination from America's distant past is re-examined? Writer and amateur historian Louis J. Zivot of Greenwich, Conn. took a fresh look at the 1865 slaying of one of our greatest presidents — Abraham Lincoln. And he's arrived at an incredible theory — that Mary Todd Lincoln, Abraham's wife, was the mastermind behind the assassination conspiracy!

Here now, exclusively in the Examiner and in Zivot's own words is the fascinating and fantastic theory of Mary Lincoln, assassin!

STARTLING new evidence indicates that Mary Todd Lincoln, the president's wife, masterminded the plot that claimed the president's life in 1865.

John Wilkes Booth, the man who actually shot Lincoln in Ford's Theater, was killed shortly after the assassination and four co-conspirators were hanged. But a cryptic statement made by Louis Weichmann, the government's chief witness against the conspirators, continues to haunt historians.

Suspicious

Weichmann, who actually lived with the conspirators prior to the assassination, said: "There was someone in the theater in the president's box that day who was in active collusion with Booth in carrying out the crime."

The only person in the president's box with the power, the connections and the motive to assist Booth and the conspirators was Mary Todd Lincoln!

Even the circumstances of the assassination are suspicious.

In the box with Lincoln and his wife were a young army major and his fiancée. Booth shot Lincoln in the box, ran to the balcony and escaped by jumping down to the stage below.

But on his way to the balcony, Booth had to grapple with both the major and his girl who attempted to prevent his escape.

Booth even pulled a knife and wounded the major in the arm.

He finally struggled over the balcony, moving right past Mrs. Lincoln who could have prevented his escape.

She did nothing — and did not even scream for help until Booth had made good his escape through the stage below.

The guard posted outside the box that night was John Parker, an unreliable man with a dubious past record. He left his post during the performance, enabling Booth to reach the president. Parker was hired by Mary Todd Lincoln!

Witnesses at the theater wondered why actress Laura Keane, not Mary Lincoln, cradled the dying president's head after the

EXAMINER EXCLUSIVE

By LOUIS J. ZIVOT

shooting. They also wondered about Mary's remark when told her husband was dead.

"Oh my God, and have I given my husband to die!"

The conspirators' movements prior to the assassination also indicate they had a wealthy friend. All five were unemployed and quite poor, yet they were able to finance their elaborate assassination scheme which also was intended to kill both the vice president and secretary of state.

Frequent

They had enough money for frequent trips between New York and Washington where they used the boarding house of one of them, Mrs. Surratt, to rendezvous.

Mary Lincoln also made frequent and unexplained trips to New York and managed to run up enormous unexplained bills. She refused to give her husband an account of where she spent



• John Wilkes Booth may have been a mere pawn

her money. One historian said she had bills so large that she was afraid to tell her husband.

In a cryptic letter, Mary Lincoln confided a few months before the assassination: "If he is re-elected, I can keep my husband in ignorance of my affairs; but if he is defeated, the bills will be sent in and he will know all!"

And witnesses at Mrs. Surratt's boarding house told of a visit from a mysterious veiled woman who visited the conspirators' headquarters seven weeks before the assassination on Feb. 22, 1865. The woman left a small case for Mrs. Surratt.

"The woman was rather diminutive in height, but very active and sprightly in all her movements," wrote chief government witness Louis Weichmann. "She wore a short veil that covered her face."

The woman returned for another brief visit four weeks later on March 25, but government investigators never discovered her identity — it remains a mystery to this day.

Mary Todd Lincoln was



• Mary Todd Lincoln may have financed the assassination of her husband, the president

"diminutive" and "sprightly." She was also well known — good reason to wear a veil. Her whereabouts on these crucial dates are unaccounted for.

A more concrete link to the conspirators, or at least one of them, lies in a corner drugstore in Washington.

Mrs. Lincoln suffered from migraines. At the drugstore across from the White House she personally bought headache remedies — most women would have sent a servant.

Poison

Oddly enough, one of the major conspirators, David Herold, worked there as a clerk and he admitted that "people high up in Washington... were helping Mr. Booth."

The drug store may also have been involved in another way — as the source of poison used in a previous assassination attempt on Lincoln!

Two years before the shooting, Booth scratched on a windowpane in New York: "Abe Lincoln departed this life August 13, 1864, by the effects of poison." Later, two of Booth's letters were found. One, written by Booth, says: "The cup failed us once, and might again." The other was written by a woman, a shadowy figure who was never identified.

The government authorities got hold of these letters months before the assassination. The president knew about them, —

of all the threatening letters he received, these two were the only ones he kept locked away in a drawer of his desk. The handwriting of one was identified as Booth's only after the assassination. Did the president know the handwriting of the other letter writer?

Other letters may reveal the hand of Mary Lincoln in her husband's death. Major Benjamin French, a close friend of the Lincolns, wrote a revealing letter to his brother.

It was normal back then for women to wear mourning clothes upon the death of their husbands, but French wrote that Mrs. Lincoln had "purchased a thousand dollars worth of mourning clothes" before the assassination. French called the purchase "inexplicable."

Depressed

Why would Mary Lincoln plot to kill her own husband? One explanation is that she was mad. She was very depressed after the death of her son Willie in 1862, and historians constantly refer to her mental instability.

The Lincolns never had a happy home — one close friend described their home life as "self-torture." Mary was jealous of her husband's "flirting" with the pretty young belles of Washington society.

Mary Todd Lincoln, herself was born and raised in the south and had many close relatives fighting in the Confederate Army. She was even openly accused of treason and called Washington "a city full of enemies."

In 1864 Mary's brother, Levi Todd, wrote asking Lincoln for \$150 for food. He was destitute. Lincoln refused to give money, and Todd later died. Mary was very close to her brother and blamed Lincoln for his death.

John Wilkes Booth kept a diary of events prior to the assassination.

A Colonel Baker, who found

the diary on Booth, swore that government officials were given a complete intact book, but at the conspiracy trial where the diary was produced as evidence, there were 18 pages missing!

The man in charge of the trial, Secretary of War Edwin Stanton, stood next in line to succeed to the presidency if all three targets for assassination had been killed. Stanton has long been suspected of having a hand in the plot — he hated Lincoln and certainly mishandled the government investigation of the assassination.

"I dearly loved Mr. Stanton," Mary Lincoln wrote to a close friend after Stanton died, "and greatly appreciated the services he rendered to his country, our loved, bleeding land."

Feb. 2, 1982



• A reward was offered for information about assassins



• Booth came into a theater box to shoot president Lincoln

Semy

Mary Todd Lincoln was trouble, diary says

SPRINGFIELD, Ill. (AP) — Newly released diary entries from a long-time associate of Abraham Lincoln accuse his wife of padding White House bills and charging taxpayers for personal expenses.

The entries also accuse Mary Todd Lincoln of accepting bribes to secure lucrative government appointments and of leaking the president's private papers to a reporter.

The entries are from the diary of Orville Hickman Browning, a long-time associate of Abraham Lincoln's and senator during the Civil War.

When the Browning diary was sold to the Illinois State Historical Library in 1921, owner Eliza Miller, Browning's niece, kept some entries from the public, and the diary was

published without them.

Miller apparently was trying to spare the feelings of the Lincolns' son, Robert Todd Lincoln, who was still alive at the time.

Notes taken by a scholar who examined the entries more than 70 years ago were discovered last year by Lincoln expert Michael Burlingame, a professor of history at Connecticut College in New London, Conn. The Illinois Historic Preservation Agency released the entries in March. Burlingame said the material fits in with evidence of Mrs. Lincoln's questionable behavior.

One entry has U.S. Supreme Court Justice David Davis calling her a "natural born thief" who stole from the White House when she left.

Chicago Tribune

Sunday, May 1, 1994

'She simply behaved terribly. People have tended to whitewash things for Mary Lincoln. This makes it a little harder to do that.'

Michael Burlingame, author and history professor at Connecticut College

Marygate: Lincoln's scandal

Secret diary says his wife
pilfered from White House

By Christi Parsons
TRIBUNE STAFF WRITER

Over the years, Mary Todd Lincoln has been called a shrew, a hellcat and a nut.

Now, new revelations from a close friend of her husband, President Abraham Lincoln, suggest another title may be in order: thief.

Selections of diaries of U.S. Sen. Owen Hickman Browning of Illinois recount detailed charges by a judge and a mansion servant that the controversial first lady engaged in—among other things—rampant padding of the White House expense account.

The juicy details have been hidden in a state library in Springfield since the 1920s, by order of a Browning descendant who liked Mrs. Lincoln and wanted to protect her. Historians have long read the Browning diaries for information about the Lincoln era, but they were never allowed to see a handful of entries expunged as a condition of sale to the state.

Recently, however, trustees of the Illinois Historical Library—hounded by historians for years—decided that cloistering the diaries violated the library's role as an archive. Though it was mostly unnoted by the world at large, the release of the secret Browning passages a week ago has been met with near ecstasy in the world of Lincoln buffs.

"She simply behaved terribly," said Michael Burlingame, a noted Lincoln author and history professor at Connecticut College who had been after the excerpts for years. "People have tended to whitewash things for Mary Lincoln. This makes it a little harder to do that."

Actually, Mary Lincoln has gotten far more bad press than good in the 102 years since her death. Each new diary, letter and biography has revealed new details about her fiery temper and bouts with insanity. And the charges that she stole from the federal government have cropped

SEE LINCOLN, PAGE 22



Tribune file photo



Mary Todd Lincoln padded the White House expense account, according to newly released passages from the diaries of family friend U.S. Sen. Owen Hickman Browning of Illinois.

Tribune photo by Phil Greer

Lincoln

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

up before.

Now Browning's accounts add credible data to back up those charges, historians said.

The diary entries include details of Browning's conversations with Judge David Davis, who called Mrs. Lincoln "a natural born thief." She ran up astronomical bills for a \$2,000 dress, furs and 300 pairs of kid gloves, and took things from the White House when she left, according to Davis, who acted as administrator of the Lincoln estate at one point.

"[S]tealing was a sort of insanity with her," Davis told Browning, according to a July 29, 1861, entry, made 14 years before Mrs. Lincoln was admitted for six months to a Batavia insane asylum.

In addition, a mansion employee named "Stackpole" said Mrs. Lincoln and a mansion gardener conspired to make up false bills to get payment of private expenses from the public treasury, a March 3, 1862, entry recounts.

In one case, Stackpole said, Mary Lincoln purchased a silver plate for her personal use but billed it to the government. In another, she hired a ghost-payroll servant at a government salary of \$100 a month but kept the money for herself.

Stackpole also said Mrs. Lincoln leaked the president's private papers to his political enemies and met privately with one on a regular basis.

Browning defends Mary Lincoln in the diaries.

True, he wrote, she had an "unhappy and ungovernable temper." But he believed "all the charges against her of having pilfered from the White House were false," he wrote.

Still, the entries were worrisome to Browning's niece Eliza Miller, who sold the diaries to the State of Illinois 80 years ago. She had once visited the Lincolns in the White House and found Mary Lincoln to be warm and friendly, said Tom Schwartz, Lincoln curator at the state's historical library.

She threatened to burn the diaries if the state didn't agree to black out the bad parts, he said. Her family gave its blessings to the release of the diaries last week.

Miller was not Mary Lincoln's only defender. Especially in recent years, she has become something of an icon for feminists, who consider her the posthumous victim of a backlash.

People blame her because—like Rosalynn Carter, Nancy Reagan and Hillary Rodham Clinton—she was influential in her husband's administration, they say.

Plus, her husband was spotted doing "unmasculine" things at her behest, according to one Mary Todd Lincoln defender.

"He used to wheel the babies around Springfield," said Samuel Schreiner, a retired Reader's Digest editor and Connecticut-based author of the book, "The Trials of Mrs. Lincoln."

"Once he was caught doing housework. People thought she pushed him around."

She was called "a female wildcat of the age," by Lincoln's law partner, said John Y. Simon, history professor at Southern Illinois University in Carbondale. An assistant to Lincoln echoed the sentiment, once writing that the "hellcat" was growing "more hellcattical" by the day. A senator said she looked like a cow.

"There's definitely an anti-feminist image," said Jean Baker, a Mary Todd Lincoln biographer who tried vigorously in the 1980s to get hold of the expunged portions of the Browning diaries.

"This is a woman with bad traits. But she had good traits, too," said Baker. "She was intelligent, energetic, she helped her husband. There seems to be an inability to see anything good about Mary Lincoln."

Despite her reputation, Mary Lincoln still inspires a certain awe among many.

"She stood by her man," said Jill Ester, who traveled from Nebraska last week just to visit the family's home in Springfield, now a historic landmark. "Most women sat back and let things happen."

"Maybe she was a little ahead of her time," said Barb Gernardo, a 4th-grade teacher on a field trip from St. Charles.

Request to

By Mark Caro

TRIBUNE STAFF WRITER

The Palos Hills park looks like it has changed little since Hillary Norskog used to play there as a little girl, years before she was slain at age 13.

With its well-worn sandbox, slide, swings and springy animal seats, it retains the feel of a children's sanctuary from the real world—except for the signs that read "Say No to Drugs and Alcohol."

Lincoln

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

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Miller was not Mary Lincoln's only defender. Especially in recent years, she has become something of an icon for feminists, who consider her the posthumous victim of a backlash.

People blame her because—like Rosalynn Carter, Nancy Reagan and Hillary Rodham Clinton—she was influential in her husband's administration, they say.

Plus, her husband was spotted doing "unmasculine" things at her behest, according to one Mary Todd Lincoln defender.

"He used to wheel the babies around Springfield," said Samuel Schreiner, a retired Reader's Digest editor and Connecticut-based author of the book, "The Trials of Mrs. Lincoln."

"Once he was caught doing housework. People thought she pushed him around."

She was called "a female wildcat of the age," by Lincoln's law partner, said John Y. Simon, history professor at Southern Illinois University in Carbondale. An assistant to Lincoln echoed the sentiment, once writing that the "hellcat" was growing "more hellcattical" by the day. A senator said she looked like a cow.

"There's definitely an anti-feminist image," said Jean Baker, a Mary Todd Lincoln biographer who tried vigorously in the 1980s to get hold of the expunged portions of the Browning diaries.

"This is a woman with bad traits. But she had good traits, too," said Baker. "She was intelligent, energetic, she helped her husband. There seems to be an inability to see anything good about Mary Lincoln."

Despite her reputation, Mary Lincoln still inspires a certain awe among many.

"She stood by her man," said Jill Ester, who traveled from Nebraska last week just to visit the family's home in Springfield, now a historic landmark. "Most women sat back and let things happen."

"Maybe she was a little ahead of her time," said Barb Gennardo, a 4th-grade teacher on a field trip from St. Charles.

Mary Lincoln labeled 'a natural born thief' by judge, diaries say

By CHRISTI PARSONS
Chicago Tribune

SPRINGFIELD, Ill. — Over the years, Mary Todd Lincoln has been called a shrew, a hellcat and a nut.

Now, new revelations from a close friend of Abraham Lincoln suggest another title may be in order: thief.

Selections of diaries of U.S. Sen. Owen Hickman Browning of Illinois recount detailed charges by a judge and a mansion servant that the controversial first lady engaged in — among other things — rampant padding of the White House expense account.

The juicy details have been hidden in a state library in Springfield since the 1920s, by order of a Browning descendant who liked Mary Lincoln and wanted to protect her. Historians have long read the Browning diaries for information about the Lincoln era, but they were never allowed to see a handful of entries expunged as a condition of sale to the state.

Recently, however, trustees of the Illinois Historical Library — hounded by historians for years — decided cloistering the diaries violated the library's role as an archive.

Though it was mostly unnoted by the world at large, the release of the secret Browning passages has been met with near ecstasy in the world of Lincoln buffs.

"She simply behaved terribly," said Michael Burlingame, a noted Lincoln author and history professor at Connecticut College who had been after the excerpts for years. "People have tended to whitewash things for Mary Lincoln. This makes it a little harder to do that."

Actually, Mary Lincoln has gotten far more bad press than good in the 102 years since her death. Each new diary, letter and biography has revealed new details about her fiery temper and bouts with insanity. And the charges that she stole from the federal government have cropped up before.



FILE PHOTO

Mary Todd Lincoln:
*Defenders say criticism of
her is part of an
anti-feminist backlash.*

Now Browning's accounts add credible data to back up those charges, historians said.

The diary entries include details of Browning's conversations with Judge David Davis, who called Mary Lincoln "a natural born thief." She ran up astronomical bills for a \$2,000 dress, furs and 300 pairs of kid gloves, and took things from the White House when she left, according to Davis, who acted as administrator of the Lincoln estate.

"Stealing was a sort of insanity with her," Davis told Browning, according to a July 29, 1861, entry, made 14 years before Mary Lincoln was admitted for six months to a Batavia insane asylum.

In addition, a mansion employee named "Stackpole" said Mary Lincoln and a mansion gardener conspired to make up false bills to get payment of private expenses from the public treasury, a March 3, 1862, entry recounts.

In one case, Stackpole said, Mary Lincoln purchased a silver plate for her own use but billed it to the government. In another, she hired a ghost-payroll servant at a government salary of \$100 a month but kept the money for herself.

Stackpole also said Mary Lincoln leaked the president's private papers to his political enemies and met privately with one on a regular basis.

Browning defended Mary Lincoln in the diaries, writing that he believed "all the charges against her of having pilfered from the White House were false."

Still, the entries were worrisome to Browning's niece Eliza Miller, who sold the diaries to the state of Illinois 80 years ago. She had once visited the Lincolns in the White House and found Mary Lincoln to be warm and friendly, said Tom Schwartz, Lincoln curator at the state's historical library.

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Her Aspirations Resented at the White House

MRS. LINCOLN had not long been the mistress of the White House when she discovered that the daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury was herself manifesting a disposition to play that rôle on public occasions. She was sometimes moved to give the daring young belle a piece of her mind for going to the Executive Mansion as a guest at receptions and then setting up there a little court of her own. The noble but plain-mannered President, with no taste whatever for social ceremony, was too much engrossed in cares, such as no President before or since has had, to concern himself about these things, or to do more than smile at them when they were brought to his notice.

The advent of Andrew Johnson in the White House did not lessen the disposition of Kate Chase's admirers to long for the hastening of the day when she might reign there. For the aged wife of President Johnson was a sad and patient invalid, whose face was seldom seen, while his daughter, Mrs. Martha Patterson, whose husband was a Senator from Tennessee, managed the mansion with the simplicity and domestic common-sense of one who was not ashamed to be seen skimming the milk pails in the White House kitchen early in the morning, and who performed her necessary duties in the drawing-room prudently and unostentatiously.

"We are only plain people from the mountains of East Tennessee," Mrs. Patterson said of herself and the rest of the Johnson family, "unexpectedly called here for a short time, but we know our position and we shall maintain it." Such was the manner in which the firm-minded Mrs. Patterson seems to have been wont to put her foot down on the assumptions of the outsiders that she would be wise to make herself amenable to them in the social direction of the White House. Her sister, Mrs. Stoeve, had the reputation of being a singularly shy person who would look forlorn and helpless in public, but who in private would laugh heartily at the humbug of official etiquette. When the last year of the Johnson administration came they were all sincerely glad at the prospect of getting back to their quiet home in Tennessee, and then it was that the daughter of the Chief Justice began to plan every scheme her ingenuity could devise to succeed them.

Run away Lincoln Carriage

Man Who Saved Wife of Lincoln Dies in Nebraska

ROYAL (Neb.) June 16. (Exclusive)—Credited with once rescuing the wife of Abraham Lincoln, Charles Johnston died here at the age of 96. Johnston also erected the first telegraph masts over the Missouri River at Omaha.

The rescue of Mrs. Lincoln occurred in Washington at the time of the battle of Gettysburg. Johnston and a companion were talking on a street corner, when a runaway team dashed by. In the carriage was Mrs. Lincoln. The coachman had been thrown from the seat when the vehicle hit a rough stretch of road and the team became frightened and started to run. Johnston stopped the team and received the thanks of the President's wife.

The Southern women had long controlled the society of Washington. With their natural and acquired graces, with their inherited taste and ability in social affairs, it was natural that the reins had fallen to them. They represented a clique of aristocracy; they were recognized leaders, who could afford to smile good naturedly at the awkward and perplexed attempts of the women from the North and West—"Mrs. Senator This," "Mrs. Congressman That"—to thread the ins and outs of Washington's social labyrinth.

Into this milieu, composed of jealousies, animosities, positive rancors, went Mrs. Lincoln to set up her Republican court.

A black and white woodcut illustration of a woman in a long, ornate dress, seated and holding a bouquet of flowers. She is wearing a crown or tiara and a necklace. The style is characteristic of 19th-century book illustrations.

A black and white woodcut-style illustration of a woman standing. She is wearing a long, flowing gown with a wide, patterned skirt. The pattern on the skirt consists of vertical bands of stylized, interlocking geometric shapes. Her hands are clasped in front of her. The background is composed of vertical lines, suggesting a curtain or a simple backdrop. The style is characteristic of 19th-century book illustrations.

KATE CHASE IN 1861.

There may come a time when an impartial collector of the small things of history will turn his attention to the years when Mrs. Lincoln reigned as mistress of the White house, and in his definition of her troubles and difficulties will clear her memory of much of the *soto voce* criticism with which it was then treated in the general mind. She was regarded as a

woman of volatile tendencies, often unappreciated by those about her who did not know how good a wife and mother she had been.

She has been held up to scorn for her extravagances and blamed for having originated in Washington the love of dress. In all its counts the accusation has been greatly exaggerated. On the least of them—dress, which is, however, the one that has weighed heaviest against her—it seems to be quite untrue. She certainly liked dress, and chose in the manifestation of her taste durable magnificence, but judged by our modern standard her dress was remarkably simple. At the sale of her effects in New York the same opinion was expressed by society women.

Among the women of the cabinet the President's wife found no one to assist her. They were mostly strangers to Washington with spirits bowed down by the impending woe of the nation. Their duties of reception giving and attending were performed timidly and nervously.

MRS. ABRAHA

ing Mr. Lincoln's single term of service in Congress Mrs. Lincoln had largely increased the horizon of her social observation and no doubt extended the bounds of her ambition. From that taste of the delights, the excitement, the intrigue, even, the extravagances and dangers of Washington existence her appetite had grown. Springfield was already too narrow for her and her dream was of a return to the capital clothed with power to repay mag-

But to a mind gifted with less perceptive power than Mrs. Lincoln's the social situation in Washington at the time of the campaign made by the Republican party, with "Honest Old Abe" for standard bearer, could hardly have proved attractive. Putting aside the more serious aspect, a brilliant, even a great character, was required in the woman who should go in and attempt to rule over elements which were rapidly disintegrating.

No one of them appealed to her and to no one did Mrs. Lincoln reveal her perplexities. Later in Mrs. Fessenden the President's wife found a strong spirit on whom she could lean, but this was shortly before the terrible event which marked her life and too late for Mrs. Lincoln to take advantage of her friendship.

She Chose Southern Aides.

At the beginning, then, the President's wife surrounded herself with women whom she had heard praised for their brilliancy and seen courted for their beauty. Several of these were not even politically attached to the administration, and



LAURA KEENE, ONE OF THE CAST ON THE NIGHT OF THE ASSASSINATION.

nearly all of them, if not Southerners, had strong Southern affiliations. Mrs. John J. Crittenden, a beautiful Kentucky girl, married to a man who had been senator in 1817 and attorney general in "Tippecanoe" Harrison's cabinet; Miss Myra Clark, the daughter of a long ancestry of proud and wealthy slaveholders, the Lexington belle who afterward became the wife of General John Morgan; Mrs. George B. McClellan, Mrs. Maunsel B. Field of New York, Mrs. John E. Allen, who had a face made "for any part she was expected to play," and who afterward became an actress—these were a few of the women who "received" with the President's wife at her request, and their names, coupled with the above brief biographies, show that her choice was made from friendship or favor, and not policy.

Indeed, it was impolitic of her to ignore the women of the cabinet and the senator's wives thus boldly, and she was soon to be told so by a chit of a girl who, though still almost a child, had the diplomatic instinct fully developed.

She was Kate Chase, daughter of Salmon P. Chase, Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, whom he afterward appointed to be chief justice. To Mrs. Lincoln, shivering from the first intimation that her reign was likely to be a dismal wintry thing, devoid of gayety or any fetelike quality, this tactful girl came like a gust of warm, revivifying air.

The Influence of Kate Chase.

There could hardly have been in Washington at that time two natures more dissimilar than Mary Lincoln and Kate Chase, and their union was bound to be short lived. But while it lasted Mrs. Lin-

coln tasted some of the fruit of popularity and power so grateful to her palate. When it dissolved her unpopularity grew apace.

Mrs. Lincoln's characteristics were quick excitability and restlessness, her manner was too animated, her laugh too frequent. Kate Chase spoke fluently and gracefully, but always with perfect calm. She was a born woman of the world with an air of sincerity which greatly added to her charm, and this charm was exercised on women as well as men.

None of the portraits of Miss Chase, beautiful as they were, ever did her complete justice. Her complexion was marvellously delicate, her fine features seeming to be cut out of beautifully tinted bisque. The eyes, bright, soft, sweet, were of an exquisite blue, and her hair a wonderful color like the ripe corn tassel in full sunlight. Her teeth were perfect, her figure was remarkably graceful and the poets of that day, and indeed of a much later day, sang the turn of her beautiful neck and the regal carriage of her head. The war time habiliments manage to hide much of this from us now.

From her teens this girl had been initiated into political questions, for which her calm and thoughtful nature well fitted her. She was ambitious for her father, and, when six months before the campaign of 1864 she realized that neither party would nominate him for President, she turned her energetic mind to the formation of plans and intrigues to obtain for him the nomination in 1868. His acceptance of the chief justiceship tendered by Lincoln was a bitter disappointment to her.

In politics Mrs. Lincoln's influence might have been injurious had her husband ever listened to her urgings. But he was not the man to yield his judgment, even though his wife was the person who urged it, and when Miss Chase understood, as she soon did, that however accessible to her inspirations Mrs. Lincoln might be, they went no further, the young woman tired of the burden of assisting Mrs. Lincoln in the White house functions which she had voluntarily assumed. Besides, the brilliant marriage, which turned out so unfortunate, was at this time being arranged.

Then Came Mrs. Douglas.

To the wife of Stephen Douglas, the old rival of her husband, Mrs. Lincoln turned for a star of her court. It was for a brief season, for the "Little Giant" had almost reached his closing days. This mild and beautiful creature was accounted the belle of the White house receptions. To the Republican women this gave offense, and since there were no longer "Douglas Democrats," no favor was carried with the opposition. In this choice, as in every other, Mrs. Lincoln was moved only by her impulses. These began to sway her with the changefulness of fever. She made "dearest friends" and kept them for a week, then cards to even semi-public entertainments at the White house were no longer sent to them. The impression was not long in prevailing in Washington that Mrs. Lincoln was "erratic," when in reality she was simply puzzled. "Dearest friends" as soon became beggars of favors of all kinds.

It was at this period that Mrs. Lincoln's love of the theater, always strong, rose to its greatest height, and she began to make the acquaintance of actresses who visited Washington and to honor them with invitations to the White house.

Truly, the women of the stage whom she affected were the best of their class and able to offer in return fresh ideas and broad interests. They were Miss Laura Keene, Mrs. John Hoyer and Mrs. John Wood. With the two former she kept on terms of friendship for several years, their visits to Washington being occasional only, and thus the friction so apt unfortunately

to rise between, the President's wife and the women she saw or could see every day was avoided.

Had it not been for this continuing friendship with Laura Keene, Mrs. Lincoln might not have insisted on her husband's accompanying her to the "Our American Cousin" on that April night. But who can say this positively? The Lincolns were in the hands of remorseless fate.

In those crinoline and basquine days, when street gowns were of rep and ball dresses—an expensive one worn by the President's wife cost \$55—were made of velvets, of magenta and solferino, a hideous pale tint of the same color; in those days, when women wore congress gaiters in the house and for a reception put on coquettish red morocco slippers trimmed with black lace, there came to Washington a period of what Mrs. Lincoln called "court mourning." It was occasioned by the death of her son, and this private calamity proved an omen of the loss of many sons to many mothers. In the universal mourning the cessation of gayeties at the White house was to be eternal so far as Mrs. Lincoln was personally concerned. But before the dread calamities war and assassination had blighted the joy of the nation the life of Mrs. Lincoln in the White house had become utterly monotonous and wearisome.

All a Disappointment to Her.

At first all had seemed delightful; she had conquered, as she thought, the haughty prejudices of the highest Washington society; the idiosyncracies of her great husband she had buried in the background. In fact, she saw him the center and idol of every social group he encountered—serene and buoyant of temper, charitable and tolerant of opinion, and while she wondered, perhaps she came partly to understand what a glow of confidence and good fellowship he diffused around him. Crowds rushed to see him, but they came to see her also, and unless she sought them out there were no thorns for her.

In this period of her domestic life she had no trials save those that fall to humanity generally, but little things exasperated her.

With her family, too, although an anxious and affectionate mother, she had not the little caressing ways that bring out the strong affection of children, and the Lincoln children naturally leaned more to their father, who spoiled them to excess, fed them candy, told them stories, overindulged them in a way which the mother was bound to counteract.

But the true reason of her irritability and unhappiness was her weariness. The "court" that she had fondly set up had turned out to be a mocking bubble, shining in iridescent colors only in her imagination; in fact, made up of sordid materials, and empty. It needed but a pin to prick it. Instead it was destroyed by means stronger than those that have overthrown a dynasty.

If during the life of the martyred President his wife received scant measure of approval and affection, the nation gave her after his assassination sympathy without measure and boundless pity—all of which may lead the nation to think tenderly of her when they are paying him honor on February 12, the anniversary of his birth.

increase pension (see bill S. 5661).

rease pension (see bill H. R. 18934).

, relief (see bills H. R. 18899, 18900).

3., increase pension (see bill H. R. 16654).

Mary Todd Lincoln

The Wife of Abraham Lincoln

By IDA M. TARBELL



NO MORE triumphant woman ever entered the White House as its mistress than Mary Todd Lincoln; and certainly none who had more confidence in her ability to make a great place for herself as its head.

And yet the very hour of her triumph was one of foreboding. She and her party, favored spectators, had sat on the platform behind Abraham Lincoln while he read his inaugural and later took the oath which made him President of the United States. The ceremonies over, she asked herself as she drove to the Executive Mansion if he would live to join her there. Thousands of people in the city, she knew, believed that he would not. The threats to prevent his inauguration had been so many and so serious that he had made his way to the Capitol that morning of the fourth of March, 1861, through a double file of cavalry, the very housetops on the route bristling with sharpshooters. He was coming back guarded in the same manner. Would he arrive alive?

Whatever the danger, none struck at him. The fact that they were now safe in the very mansion on which her eyes had been set since girlhood had put out of mind at once all her alarm. She was the jubilant and excited hostess at the great dinner which was awaiting her party, through the thoughtfulness of Harriet Lane, the outgoing mistress of the White House, niece of the outgoing President, James Buchanan.

Perhaps the party was the gayer and freer for the hours of anxiety. It was a family party—two of Mrs. Lincoln's sisters; her "Cousin Lizzie," Mrs. Grimsley, beloved by Mr. Lincoln, come to spend six months with them; the new secretaries, Nicolay and Hay; her three boys and a few old and intimate friends.

Bargaining With the Dressmaker

SHE led the way over the great mansion, assigning rooms, criticizing its shabbiness, saying, "This will do," "I will change that," "We must throw out this," "We must have that." The day ended as she would have it—herself the center of all eyes, at the inaugural ball, her presence there being all the more interesting to the crowd because she made her passage through the rooms on the arm of Stephen A. Douglas, long Mr. Lincoln's stiffest political rival; her old lover, people said. And now, see how finely in the emergency he has come to the front! He means to back Mr. Lincoln if there is war.

Important practical matters now confronted Mary Lincoln. She was quick to see that one of her first tasks was to find some clever dressmaker to manage her wardrobe. She was fortunate in finding a skilled colored woman, Mrs. Lizzie Keckley, who was able to give an authoritative touch to her costumes.

Mrs. Lincoln had not failed to bargain with Mrs. Keckley about the expense of dressing her. "We are poor people," she told her. "If you do not charge too much I shall be able to give you all my work." And Mrs. Keckley, knowing what an advertisement for her establishment such a customer would be, made the prices to suit her purse. The relation then begun was to be much more than that of modiste and customer. The day was to come when Mary Lincoln would call Elizabeth Keckley "her best and kindest friend."

It was not the easiest task to dress the new Lady of the White House to look the part. Short in stature, she had steadily grown stout after her marriage, and when she came to Washington her face was what the unfriendly press called "chubby," her form "dumpy." But, while that was true, she had her good points. She carried herself admirably; she sat well; she had a proud lift of the head—imperious, people sometimes said. If a certain heaviness obscured the modeling of her face, her eyes still sparkled and her mouth was fine in its curves, reflecting her swiftly varying emotions. Mary Lincoln had beautiful hair—brown, glossy, abundant. She parted it in the middle, drawing it smoothly down over her ears into a low knot or cluster of puffs, two or three curls dropping to her shoulder. In Lizzie Keckley's hands she soon became a well-dressed woman, wearing her clothes with conscious pride.

Not the least of her tasks was to adjust her family to the new régime. There were the two boys, Willie and Tad; Robert, the oldest, was a student in Harvard. Willie was not a problem, for he was a serious-minded, quiet, sweet-tempered child whom everybody loved and admired. But Tad was a bundle of chattering mischief, romping from top to bottom of the house, questioning every newcomer, running wild over the lawn and into the streets. And there was Mr. Lincoln. Not many days had passed before Mrs. Lincoln and "Cousin Lizzie" began to see on his face and in his bent form the traces of the terrific strain he was undergoing.

He worked incessantly, not taking time to eat or exercise.

His depression was frequently painful. Mary Lincoln rightly asserted her authority, making breakfast a little festivity to which she asked friends whom he liked and whom she could trust to try to amuse him. Among her first purchases were a carriage and pair, and every afternoon she insisted on Mr. Lincoln's going with her for a drive.

Then there was the house to look after. The shabby private rooms had shocked her, and when Congress appropriated a substantial sum for repairs she and Mrs. Grimsley gladly set themselves to freshening and brightening the place, making it a fitter setting for the entertainment to which she had looked forward with such eagerness.

There were those in the official family, to be sure, that doubted her ability to carry off formal entertainment, as they had Mr. Lincoln's ability to direct the Government. In her case as in his they had counted without knowing the persons with whom they had to deal. The Secretary of State, William H. Seward, had assumed, as he told his wife at the start, that he would have to run the Government. He suggested to Mary Lincoln that he give the first reception. He met with a prompt and imperious "No"; that was what she was there for. And she gave it, with an éclat that, whatever criticism it brought from the disaffected, astonished many anxious and friendly observers.

"Thousands of Dollars" for Supper

HER first diplomatic dinner was a surprising success. Her dinner in August to Prince Napoleon—"Plon-Plon"—went off easily and naturally in spite of its magnificence. After the war was really under way the problem of entertainment became a knotty one for the Administration. There was a call from the town and the camps for more social life than they were getting. The tormented Cabinet had little relish for gayeties, but it was finally decided, early in 1862, that it might have a good effect if Mrs. Lincoln would carry out the usual program of formal entertainment.

Mrs. Lincoln decided that instead of giving the usual dinners to Army, Navy and diplomatic circles, she would give a series of receptions to which greater numbers could be admitted. The first came off early in February, 1862. Some eight hundred invitations were sent out, and everybody invited came. The newspapers made much of the elegance of the affair, giving particular space to the supper. Maillard of New York had furnished it. The menu sounds appalling in this more simple day. One cannot believe that there was exaggeration in the report that it cost "thousands of dollars."



Mary Todd Lincoln

MRS. LINCOLN'S VISIT TO NAVY YARD CITED

*Her Refusal to Tread on Flag
of Confederacy Recalled by
Georgetown Woman.*

WASHINGTON (AP).—An authentic eye-witness story about Mary Todd Lincoln came recently from Mrs. W. De Meissner of historic Georgetown.

A quest for some one who knew the martyred President's wife was started by Maury Madison, who spent three years compiling a pictorial history of Mrs. Lincoln, but asserted that he had never met any one who knew her.

Mrs. De Meissner, white-haired daughter of an admiral, and the widow of a secretary of the old imperial Russian Embassy, laughingly disclosed that "at the age of 8 I was marched up with my 14-year-old sister and presented to her."

Telling her story in a fine old brick home, with miniatures on the mantelpiece, rose-wreath patterns on the old carpet, and an antique desk of elaborate inlay, Mrs. De Meissner said that Mrs. Lincoln visited the Brooklyn Navy Yard in 1863.

"My father, Rear Admiral William Radford, was executive officer at the time," Mrs. De Meissner continued, "ranked only by Admiral Hiram Paulding, in command of the Yard, so it fell to my mother and Mrs. Paulding to present the wives of the officers of the Navy Yard and their families to Mrs. Lincoln.

"The North Carolina was the receiving ship, with Captain Richard Meade in charge. A dais was put on deck, with a chair on it, like a throne, and Mrs. Lincoln was to take her place there to receive.

"Remember, the war was at its height, and hatred was intense. In front of the dais, Captain Meade had spread a tremendous Confederate flag, in such a way she would have to walk across it.

"When she came to it, she stopped plumb, and ordered the flag taken up. She was most dignified. Only when the men had taken up that flag did she take her place on that dais."



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